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POLITICAL CAREER AND CHARACTER OF DAVID B. HILL.

THERE is no other man, so conspicuous in public life as Senator Hill, about whose personal qualities so little is known. He was an avowed candidate for the Presidency in 1892, and had a solid delegation to the National Democratic Convention in his favor from the most powerful State in the Union. He has for the past two years been the most conspicuous individual figure in the United States Senate. He is now again the Democratic candidate for the governorship of New York, with the expectation that, if elected, he will be a prominent candidate for his party's nomination for the Presidency in 1896. He has been before the public constantly for nearly ten years as a politician of untiring activity and high ambition. What is a proper measure of this man? To answer this question is to explain what it is that Mr. Hill represents in American politics; and this can best be done by tracing his political career from its beginning to the present moment, judging his character and purposes by the outward manifestations of them which he himself has made.

Mr. Hill began his political career in 1863. He was seventeen when he entered a law office and began the study of his profession. He was twenty when he became an active ward politician in the city of Elmira. He devoted much more time to politics than to his profession, showing more ambition to become a ward leader than to advance himself as a member of the bar. From the first he showed an aversion to polite society, to books, and to studious ways in life, seeking friends and companions among those elements of city population which delight in ward politics. These he organized into compact bands of personal

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followers, and used them to advance his political ambition. He was soon chosen a justice of the peace, was sent as a delegate to a State convention, and in due time was chosen a member of the State legislature, and finally mayor of the city of Elmira. Simultaneously with his advancement a change for the worse came over the politics of his ward. It had a large floating vote and a considerable negro vote when he became active in its affairs. Both these elements speedily became purchasable, and the methods of his ward soon became those of all parts of the city. In Elmira he played his part with skill and address. He was on familiar terms with the "boys." The volunteer firemen were his friends, and he cultivated the popular game of base-ball, thereby acquiring the only passion, aside from politics, that he is known to possess. He had already become a commanding local figure, fast making himself known to the Democrats of the State by constant attendance at State conventions.

As a political leader Mr. Hill early put in operation the principle that if you cannot succeed with your own party you may seek success by means of a coalition, open or secret, with the opposing party. From the beginning, too, he preferred as agents and allies the disreputable rather than the respectable elements of the community. One of his most intimate friends and chief lieutenants was a man who had been dismissed from the Union army, and who subsequently, as a pension-agent, was convicted of gross frauds and sentenced to the penitentiary. When he became a member of the Assembly in 1871, Mr. Hill allied himself with the followers of Tweed, voting with them on all the Tweed measures designed to rob New York city, opposing the repeal of the Erie Classification Act under which Fisk and Gould had gained possession of the Erie railway. He got control of an Elmira newspaper, and the pension-agent mentioned above took $10,000 worth of its stock for some person not named, who subsequently turned out to be Tweed. It is fair to say that he did not owe this quick success in politics—he was one of the youngest members when he first entered the Legislature—to mere manipulation of the politics of Elmira, nor to mere popularity with the fire-going, ball-playing youth of western New York. Intellectually he was worthy of the place. He had risen at the bar, and was a jury advocate of no mean ability. He was far better equipped as a legislator than many fellow-members older both in years and experience. He clearly possessed every requisite for public life except character.

He was re-elected in 1872 to what was known as the Reform

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Legislature. It was here that he met Mr. Tilden. Tweed could no longer be of service to the aspiring young politician. He recognized the man of the hour and clung to him. It was in Chemung County as yet that he was strong, and not beyond it. He had indeed won the favor of Mr. Tilden, but while the latter was Governor he did not avail himself of Mr. Hill's services. While Mr. Tilden controlled the party in New York, Mr. Hill was an opponent of Tammany Hall. He was a member of the State Committee when it was under the leadership of Manning and Whitney. He was a foe of John Kelly. He doubtless held the view that Tammany Hall did not and could not represent the Democratic party of the city of New York, and that Democrats who were not members of that organization had the right to participate in the primary elections of their party. During seventeen years, beginning in 1871, the doctrine prevailed in the Democratic party that the organization was the instrumentality for carrying out the will of the voters. The leaders of the party succeeded in preventing the Tammany machine from obtaining recognition as the party organization in the city. While this idea prevailed, Mr. Hill accepted it, although during most of that time his opinion on that subject was not sought. He was depended on for carrying caucuses and conventions, and the admiration which Mr. Tilden undoubtedly entertained for him was due to the fact that he was a consummate master of machine politics. In his own city of Elmira he had constructed a machine which excited the wonder of his local associates, and in 1882 enabled him to be elected mayor in opposition to the Republican candidate, who, a year before, had been elected.

This success made him the Democratic candidate for the lieutenant-governorship in the same year. But from that moment his course in politics took a different and a sinister direction. A high ambition mastered him, but a rivalry that seems to have compelled him to discard all appearance of political virtue also took possession of him. A new object of popular regard had entered the political arena, and Mr. Hill felt that his own advance was checked if not finally and definitely obstructed. It was natural that he should have sought Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election to the Presidency in 1884; for the promotion of Mr. Cleveland, whose extraordinary victory in 1882 he had shared, made him the Governor of New York.

Since March, 1885, his career has been in full view of the public. He has turned his back upon the leaders with whom he was once associated. He allied himself with Tammany Hall and joined in the

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partisan ribaldry with which Mr. Cleveland's civil-service-reform professions and practices were greeted by disappointed office-seekers. He had a part of the machine with him, and the people against him. It had been said that his administration of the office of mayor of Elmira was "businesslike," and, during the campaign of 1882, Mr. Cleveland and he were spoken of by stump orators and party newspapers as the "two reform mayors." Nevertheless, the inference was general that Mr. Hill was a small politician and quite too inconsiderable a person to be governor of the State. There had then been no Democratic candidate for that office of such slight repute. Whatever rewards might have been considered meet for the useful politician who looked after details, organized machines, and carried caucuses, the governorship was not one of them. Mr. Cleveland's election to the Presidency advanced Mr. Hill to an office for which, otherwise, he might still be struggling.

No sooner was he governor than he began a partisan struggle with the Republican legislature. He recommended himself to many of his fellow-Democrats by the intensity of his partisanship. It was, however, not a partisanship founded upon belief in political principles. Mr. Hill's opinion on the tariff question, or on any other issue of moment, was unknown when he became governor, and is unknown yet. In the autumn of 1885 it was known that he represented nothing which had brought to Mr. Cleveland the votes of the Independents, but that he did stand for all that was base and selfish in New York politics. But he had won the friendship and applause of Democrats of the baser sort from one end of the country to the other. Mr. Cleveland had been in power only a few months, but the land was filled with the wailing of the disappointed, and the *disjecta membra* of the shipwrecked office-beggars. Mr. Hill gathered them into an army of personal followers. He was the desperate leader of desperate fortunes. When he opened his campaign in Brooklyn he uttered the sentence, "I am a Democrat,"—which has since become famous. He meant: "I am different from the person you have foolishly placed in the White House." He was elected governor by 11,000 plurality, and this was pointed to as an indication that he was more popular in the State than Mr. Cleveland, who the year before had carried it by a plurality of a little more than 1,000. But his opponent was Ira Davenport, a man of excellent character, who had offended Mr. Thomas C. Platt in the memorable struggle between himself and Mr. Conkling with President Garfield in 1881. Davenport was the victim of Platt, and Hill was the beneficiary.

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An episode growing out of this campaign will suffice to indicate Mr. Hill's personal character. Hasty men have called him honest because they assume that he is poor. Whether his poverty is fact or fiction is not known to the writer of this article. But it may be well to consider the degree of honesty shown in the transactions which were revealed in the inquiry into the Aqueduct contracts, and to consider how far Mr. Hill's pecuniary negotiations with the firm of O'Brien & Clark and the Democratic State Committee can be reconciled with the standard of probity which should be found in the governor of the State. Governor Hill secured $15,000 on two notes in 1885, which, it is asserted, was paid over to the Democratic State Committee, of which John O'Brien was chairman. The first note—for $10,000—was indorsed by William L. Muller, Hill's partner and political agent, and by John O'Brien and Heman Clark, contractors doing business under the firm name of O'Brien & Clark. It was cashed by O'Brien. The second note—for $5,000—was indorsed by Muller and Alton B. Parker. It was cashed by John Keenan, who held and divided the spoils in the Broadway railroad case, and who for years was a fugitive from justice in Canada. O'Brien paid both notes. Hill never paid a dollar on them. In return for this he secured a contract for work on the New York aqueduct for O'Brien & Clark, from the Commission which he had appointed, the notorious Rollin M. Squire being its head. This contract was given to the firm at Governor Hill's request, in spite of the fact that its bid was $54,000 higher than the lowest bid. O'Brien & Clark sold out the contract for a profit of $30,000. The taxpayers, however, were forced to pay $54,000 to take up Governor Hill's notes, amounting to $15,000. All this appears in the evidence taken in the investigation of the Aqueduct Commission, both Mayor Grace and Comptroller Loew testifying to the solicitation of the contract for O'Brien & Clark.

Circumstances had grown to be adverse to the development of Mr. Hill's good character. Mr. Cleveland was the representative of the best elements of his party, and Mr. Hill was therefore forced to depend upon other sources of strength for the advancement for which he had already begun to intrigue. He soon made an alliance with Tammany, and entered upon the task of constructing a machine which has since become the most perfect instrument of its kind known to the political history of the country. The scandals of the Aqueduct Commission can be traced directly to his first efforts in the building of this machine.

During his term as governor he continued his war with the Re-

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publicans who controlled the legislature. He insisted that they should pass a law providing for a new census and a new apportionment, but neither side would consent to anything that would not give its party an advantage, and so, between the two, the Constitution, which required a census in 1885, was disobeyed. Mr. Hill has always manifested his contempt for civil-service reform, and, whenever he was able to evade the law while he was governor, he availed himself of his opportunity. His hostility to the reform was manifested most characteristically in his opening speech of the present campaign at Syracuse, when he attempted to account for the corruption of the New York police force by pointing to the fact that appointments to it are governed by civil-service regulations, ignoring the evidence recently brought to light of the defiance of those regulations, and of the law itself, by his friends and supporters in Tammany Hall. As governor, he also opposed all attempts to secure ballot-reform, inventing difficulties, and discovering a constitutional objection which was worthy of the cunning brain of a criminal practitioner.

In 1888 he was again nominated for the governorship. His machine was not so perfect as to prevent the sending of a Cleveland delegation to St. Louis, but he sympathized with Tammany's opposition to the President, and it is generally believed that he traded with the Republicans for his own profit, and to the defeat of the head of his party's ticket. Notwithstanding his assurance of his devotion to his party, it was almost universally believed that he was quite capable of making a bargain of this kind. At all events, he received 15,000 more votes than were cast for Mr. Cleveland, while Mr. Warner Miller received 17,000 fewer votes than were cast for Mr. Harrison. The figures of the election of 1885 show that at that time he was a much weaker candidate in New York State than Mr. Cleveland; for while he had a plurality of 11,000, his total vote was nearly 34,000 less than that which was cast for Mr. Cleveland for the governorship in 1882, and over 62,000 less than that which was cast for Cleveland for the Presidency in 1884. The New York "Tribune" said that he "succeeded only because he was able to sell a Presidency for a governorship." Mr. James M. Varnum, Chairman of the Republican Convention, speaking of the appearance of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill on the same platform, said: "If Mr. Hill . . . had not thought more of himself than he did of his party, Grover Cleveland would now be President of the United States, and you all know it."

It was in the campaign of 1888 that Governor Hill obtained full

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control of the Democratic machine on the plea that the campaign in the State was primarily for the governorship, and therefore the State Committee should be in the hands of his friends. In 1891 the machine was perfect. It controlled the great cities, and they, in turn, controlled the State. Croker in New York, McLaughlin in Brooklyn, Murphy in Troy, and Sheehan in Buffalo, commanded the divisions, and Governor Hill was general-in-chief of the army of hungry marauders. It did not matter what the Democratic voters wished to declare at their primaries. The Governor, with a mastery of detail, and an industry in his single purpose which few good men wish to possess, had placed his emissaries in command of the town and county committees throughout the State. Subsequently laws were passed which deprived the voters of the conduct of their own primaries, and transferred the power—up to that time always in the hands of the people—to the local party organization. This was accomplished, however, after the election of Governor Flower.

After the election of 1891, when it was discovered that the State Senate was evenly divided between the two parties, with a few districts in doubt, a scheme was set on foot by the Democratic party managers to manipulate the local canvassing-boards in those districts, and thus secure certificates of election from them for the Democratic candidates. From the first, Governor Hill gave hearty support to this scheme. When the clerks of two county canvassing-boards declined to sign the certificates for the Democratic candidates, on the ground of fraud, Governor Hill summoned them before him and removed them from office. The Supreme Court of the State sustained the view of the refusing clerks by declaring the canvasses fraudulent and illegal, and ordering new ones. One of these fraudulent returns, signed by a secretary *pro tem.*, was sent to Albany and filed in the State office. The Supreme Court, its General Term, and the Court of Appeals, all declared this return to be the "result of an illegal and erroneous canvass," and directed that if a legal return should be sent to the State Board of Canvassers that body should canvass it. Such a legal return was sent by mail, was delivered in the office of the Governor, Comptroller, and Secretary of State, and was taken from the mails in those offices by Isaac H. Maynard and a county clerk who acted with the approval of Governor Hill. When the State Board of Canvassers met, this legal return was missing. Judge Maynard was present and sat in silence when the question as to its whereabouts was raised. The Board, in defiance of the decrees of the

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courts, then proceeded to canvass the illegal return, and in that way stole a majority of one in the Senate. The members of the Board have been adjudged guilty of contempt for this act, both by the Supreme Court and by its General Term. It was shown by affidavits offered in the contempt proceedings that the decision to canvass this illegal return was reached at a meeting between Governor Hill, Judge Maynard, and one other person. The Bar Association of New York city, through a committee of nine of its most eminent members, seven of whom were Democratic, investigated Judge Maynard's conduct in taking the legal return from the mails, unanimously declared it to be "entirely without any warrant or justification in law," and pronounced his offence to be "one of the gravest known to the law," coming under the Penal Code as grand larceny in the second degree, punishable by imprisonment for not more than five years, or by a fine of not more than $500 or both. Judge Cullen of the Supreme Court, in reviewing the same act, grouped Governor Hill and Judge Maynard as equally guilty in the crime. When Judge Maynard was nominated for election to the Court of Appeals bench, upon which he was sitting by appointment from Governor Flower through Mr. Hill's influence, Hill took the stump in his behalf, declared the theft of the returns to be "an act of simple justice," denounced the Bar Association as a "brainless set of namby-pambys," and asserted that Maynard's nomination was demanded by "justice, honor, propriety, and the usages of our party."

Having gained control of the State, and having nothing to fear from the opposition of the Democratic voters at home, Senator Hill became an avowed candidate for the Presidential nomination of 1892. He had retained the admiration of Democrats who are enemies of Mr. Cleveland, and he undertook to present himself to the South as a statesman worthy of their support for the highest office in the country. His tour through the South was a failure. But he owned New York. Governor Flower was his obedient tool. At Mr. Hill's dictation he had appointed Isaac H. Maynard to fill a vacancy on the Court of Appeals bench. He had retained Hill's men in office. He was Hill's man himself. He signed the bills that fastened the rule of the corrupt machine upon the party and the State. When he had prepared everything to his satisfaction, Mr. Hill ordered his machine to elect a delegation to the National Convention that should be unanimously in favor of his nomination. He wanted New York secure for the impression that his apparent mastership would make in other States.

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It was largely for this reason that the Convention was called to meet on the 22d of February. The plan worked to the point expected, but Hill had gone one step too far in his autocratic rule, and, from the day that the call for the "Snap Convention" was issued, his power in politics began to wane. The Democratic party revolted against the Hill machine. The "Anti-Snap" or May Convention was called, and the enrolment of protesting Democrats against the February Convention and its packed delegation was so great that the National Convention declined to credit the predictions of Hill's messengers and delegates to Chicago that Mr. Cleveland could not carry the State if he were nominated.

Mr. Hill was defeated in the Convention, but he returned to New York with power enough to compel the friends of Mr. Cleveland to give over the management of the campaign in New York to his machine, over which presided those geniuses of political depravity—Edward Murphy, Jr., and William F. Sheehan. Whether or not the State machine was loyal, its efforts were directed to securing a majority in the Assembly that would favor the preposterous senatorial ambition of Edward Murphy, Jr. This, at least, was the result of the contest, and Mr. Murphy became Senator Hill's colleague against the protests of Mr. Cleveland, of every Democrat who had a political conscience, and of every citizen of New York who was proud of his State and wished to see it worthily represented in the Federal Senate.

During his seven years as governor, Mr. Hill vetoed three carefully drawn ballot-reform measures in as many successive years, and finally gave his approval to a measure which was drawn to meet his objections, and which is the present law of the State, universally recognized as one of the most defective of the thirty-seven similar laws now in operation. He vetoed also three measures designed to restrict and regulate the liquor traffic by increasing the license fee, and making other reasonable and conservative changes, taking occasion, in doing so, to assail with abusive language the advocates of them. After pursuing this course for three years he advocated an excise bill which the liquor-dealers' association had drawn to meet their own desires, and it became a law with his signature. There is no record of any measure of reform, especially in city government, becoming a law with his approval. Neither is there any record of a measure designed to increase the powers and add to the enrolments of the most corrupt municipal machines, like those of Tammany Hall in New York, the McLaughlin ring in Brooklyn, and the Sheehan

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faction in Buffalo, failing to become a law because of his opposition. So persistently did he oppose all measures in the interest of good government, that during the closing year of his career as governor the advocates of all such measures became weary of bringing them before the legislature.

Mr. Hill cut scarcely any figure in the Senate in 1892. He had not been long in his seat before he deserted it and went to Albany to manage the midwinter convention which he had called to elect delegates to the National Democratic Convention in support of his candidacy for the Presidency. During the struggle in Congress for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act he made speeches which were in favor of free silver coinage, but voted finally in favor of repeal. When the Wilson tariff bill reached the Senate he was one of the first Senators to take the field against it. His first formal speech against it was directed almost entirely at the income-tax feature of it. He opened his speech with an attack upon the foreign policy of the Cleveland administration, especially in Hawaii, saying it was a blunder, and a natural consequence of selecting a Republican for Secretary of State. He avoided saying that he should vote against the Wilson bill, simply declaring that he stood ready to support any reasonable measure of tariff-reform framed within the lines and based upon the principles of his formerly expressed views. He said in concluding: "The failure of the tariff-revision means the defeat, the demoralization, if not the division and the annihilation of our party." From that time forward he did all that he could to delay and defeat the bill. He voted in favor of making it a more liberal measure of tariff-reform only when he knew that his vote would be powerless. Thus he voted with three Populist Senators in favor of free iron ore, making the total vote in the affirmative four. He advocated putting lead on the free list, after the Democratic canvass had decided against it, and got two votes besides his own in support of that proposition. He dodged nearly all the votes on the details of the sugar schedule, only recording his vote when he could get individual prominence by so doing. He refrained from voting unless the Senate put wool on the free list. He advocated the putting of coal on the free list, knowing that the Democrats were committed against it, and got four Populist and two Republican votes besides his own in the affirmative. On the proposition to strike sugar from the free list, he refrained from voting. He opposed a proposition to put barbed wire on the free list. When the income-tax provision was reached in the Senate

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he again denounced it, and when the tariff bill came up for final passage he voted against it. In his speech he censured the Democratic majority in the Senate for its course in disregarding his advice, saying that leaving the income tax in the bill was in his opinion a blunder which "imperils the possibility of permanent Democratic success in any northern State for many years to come;" and that, "as between a Populistic income tax on the one hand, and a Republican tariff law on the other, I choose the latter as the least of two evils." Though he had not voted for free wool, and had antagonized free barbed wire, he rebuked the Democratic majority for not putting more free raw materials in the bill. Finally he declared that the bill was "satisfactory neither to the Democratic party nor to the country," and thus characterized it:

"This is not a Democratic bill, I am sure; it is not a distinctly Republican bill; it is not a Populist bill entire, but it is a mixture of all—it is a rag-bag production—it is a crazy-quilt combination—it is a splendid nothing."

When the final vote was taken, Mr. Hill was the only Democrat recorded in the negative with the Republicans.

Before closing the record of Mr. Hill's career in the Senate, it remains to add that he opposed the confirmation of two appointees of President Cleveland for the Supreme Court bench, both of whom were eminent lawyers, of unimpeachable ability and fitness, who had served on the committee of the Bar Association of New York city which had condemned Judge Maynard. Mr. Hill regarded their appointment, after this proceeding against a nominee of their own party, as a personal affront to himself, and persuaded the Senate to reject both nominations.

In the Senate all his alliances have been with other parties than his own. He joined the Populist and Silver Senators in his opposition to the Sherman repeal bill, and he worked with both Populists and Republicans in his efforts to defeat the tariff bill. It will be remembered that in explaining his vote against that bill he said he preferred the McKinley bill to it as "the least of two evils," and spoke of the bill itself as a "splendid nothing." This was on July 3. Barely three months later, on September 25, he was saying of the same two tariff bills, in a speech as presiding officer of the Democratic convention which nominated him for governor,—

"The enactment of the McKinley tariff law was the culminating atrocity of Republican recklessness in legislation, a measure so extreme, so selfish, so unreasonable that I hazard nothing in asserting that conservative and fair-minded Republicans everywhere regretted the party exigencies which seemed to demand

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its passage. It was the very personification of protectionism run mad. Throwing off all disguises, it was the inauguration of a huge scheme of governmental partnership with private business interests. Without retracting a single word which I uttered in the Senate in criticism of the measure [the Senate tariff bill], of its strictly tariff issues it may truthfully be urged that it is a vast improvement over the McKinley law. It is true that it does not embody the full measure of tariff reform, but nevertheless is safe, moderate, reasonable."

Not a word was to be found in this speech about the income tax.

This is the record of Mr. Hill's life, and it reveals so clearly the elements of his personality that comment is scarcely necessary. Throughout the whole of it the same tendencies appear. From the beginning of his political career in the third ward of Elmira, down to the present moment, he has shunned not merely intellectual but respectable society, and sought for intimates and followers among the lower classes, the tricksters in politics. While governor, and aspiring to a Presidential nomination, he selected as the editor of his personal newspaper organ a man who had served a term in the penitentiary. He has seldom been seen at a social gathering or dinner in the house of an eminent or respectable member of society. Not a single conspicuous act in the interest of good government or pure politics can be found in his career. He has been the first American politician to build up a political following and to base his hopes of political preferment entirely upon the worst elements of the population. He not only has not sought respectable support in constructing his power, but has openly defied it. When he was nominated for the governorship a few weeks ago, so completely had he cut himself off from the respectable elements of even his own party, that the Vice-President of the United States was the only man of either National or State eminence who ventured publicly to congratulate him.

Mr. Hill is a man of great intelligence, whose character depends upon circumstances. A clever newspaper writer once compared him with Jay Gould, saying:

"Gould's purpose is the accumulation of wealth. Hill's is the obtaining of political power. And for twenty-five years there has been no thought or action of his life which has not been centred in his purpose."

There are no pursuits like money-getting and politics for affording opportunities for dishonesty; and when a young man whose character depends upon circumstances chooses either one of these careers, it is not difficult to foretell the end.

So much for this spectacular and artificial political career. As for Senator Hill himself, he has reached the zenith of his career.

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He has no moral resources. A product of machine politics, his career may at any time be closed by the same artificial forces that have made it; nothing is less secure than a machine-built success.

But there is one question of greater importance in connection with this political career—the question of the survival of the Democratic party as a political instrument of utility. Now whether it be desirable that the Democratic party should survive as an active and respectable force, is a matter of permissible difference of opinion. But there can be no difference of independent opinion regarding the certainty of its defeat for many a year in contests for control of the national government, if it mistake Senator Hill's artificial success for statesmanship; and in proportion as Democratic orators and newspapers throughout the country encourage him, or even tolerate him, do they give evidence of their party's old-time infirmity. And the Democratic party has not such a reputation for wisdom that it can afford to make an unnecessary display of ignorance; nor has it so firm a grasp on great principles that it can afford to slip one inch from its already insecure hold on them.

Least of all can the party afford to follow the one man in its ranks who has in the most spectacular way repudiated its pledges to tariff-reform whereupon it won its only victories within the lifetime of a generation. The tariff-reform tide was the last tide in national politics. The next will be a tide of municipal reform. As Senator Hill is the only Democratic Senator who voted against the party's single great principle, so he is the most conspicuous and successful product of corruption in municipal politics. If the cities of the State of New York had not been governed corruptly, as they have been, no such career as Mr. Hill's would have been possible. A small municipal boss himself, it has been by the help of the municipal bosses whom he has served that he has prospered.

Every thoughtful man knows that the three subjects of political vitality now before us are the tariff, the currency, and municipal government. It is very unfortunate for the Democratic party that its most conspicuous personality is a man without convictions on any of these subjects, and who has done violence to right thinking and right conduct regarding all three of them. Mr. Hill's career is important, therefore, as a measure of the stupidity and the criminal tendencies of the Democratic party. It revives the old question whether the party can ever be trusted.

"INDEPENDENT."

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SHOULD SENATORS BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE?

In order that those who do the writer the honor of reading this contribution to the study of a very important question may thoroughly understand in what way and to what end the Senate of the United States came to be composed as it is, I beg the reader's indulgence to begin with some generalities of theory and historic events, which, however well known, can hardly, especially in these days, be too often repeated.

The establishment of all good government has been designed to secure liberty and justice. To do this, restraints and counterpoises have been proved, both by philosophy and by all human experience, to be absolutely indispensable. If too much power is vested in the Executive, there is a constant tendency toward usurpation and tyranny. If too much power is left with the people, or their immediate delegates, unchecked, there is continual gravitation toward frequent and ill-considered changes in the laws, as temporary maladies that no law can cure, or crude speculative theories, may disturb the content or excite the day-dreams of the people,—such as fiat money, loaning government money on real-estate security, and the great multitude of nostrums that socialism and anarchism propose as specifics for evils that are inherent among men as social animals, and that no act of legislation can possibly cure. Self-knowledge and self-control are, and always have been, as necessary to the welfare of communities and states as to individuals. All this is as obvious and trite as it is fundamental; but, as one of the old State Constitutions of more than one hundred years ago puts it, "a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles" must be the duty and safeguard of every society that wishes to be free and happy.

It has been upon such considerations that written constitutions have been framed and adopted in establishing governments of the people, declaring inalienable rights, separating governmental powers and duties into three divisions,—legislative, executive, and judiciary, —and dividing the legislative power between two separate bodies *differently constituted and composed by different processes of popular action*,

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and setting bounds and barriers against the preponderance of any one of such divisions, and imposing restraints upon any sudden change in the constitutions themselves. It was upon such principles and under such conditions that the great, and then unique, Constitution of the United States came into existence in 1787.

The Convention that framed it was constituted by the separate and independent action of all the thirteen original States (excepting Rhode Island, which sent no delegates), upon the solemn appeal of the Continental Congress, made after seven years of bitter experience in war and three in peace, during both of which periods the need of the fundamental elements and adjustments of a government adequate to the preservation of the liberties of the people, the administration of personal justice, and the stability of the whole republic, were made fully and often painfully manifest. The men who composed the Convention were possessed of all that knowledge which the histories and careers of all other civilized countries and peoples could furnish; they represented all the principal occupations of civilized society and all the phases of political philosophy—monarchical in one direction, and so-called pure democracy in the other. It was presided over by "His Excellency, George Washington, Esquire," as he is styled in the Convention Journal. The Convention labored assiduously from the 25th of May until the 15th of September, 1787, when the completed Constitution was agreed upon and signed by representatives of all the States, excepting Rhode Island, which, as has been said, took no part in the Convention. Almost every example and method of government was examined and discussed. The *apparent* conflicts of interest, and the *real* jealousies existing between large states and small ones, were to be accommodated or overcome,—undue centralization, on the one hand, as well as the fatal weakness of a mere league of states on the other, were to be guarded against. To accomplish all these supreme ends, it was easy for those learned, experienced, and patriotic men to agree that the new government should be composed of three independent departments,—legislative, executive, and judicial; and that the legislative branch should be composed of two independent parts, each having a negative on the other. But the composition of the two houses was a subject of extreme difficulty.

The States, without regard to geographical dimensions, population or wealth, freedom or slavery, were, under the Confederacy, absolute equals, and the national powers scarcely extended to, or operated personally upon, any of the citizens of the States. At last, after

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considering and reconsidering nearly every variety of propositions, it was agreed that the House of Representatives should be chosen directly by the people and in proportion to the number of inhabitants in each State, excepting two-fifths of the slaves. And after similar tribulations of proposal and discussion, it was settled that the President should be chosen on the principle of having regard, chiefly, to the population of the various States. So far, then, it was a government based upon capitation, and, in one part of it, required to be constituted by the direct vote of the people,—the weight and force of *numbers alone*. It was obvious that if the other branch of the legislature were constituted in the same way, either as to the number from each State or the direct method of election, there would be a perpetual tendency toward the effacement of State rights and State sovereignty in respect of local affairs, and the establishment of a national democracy by government, practically, *en masse*, where the weight of the mass in one part of the country might, and probably would, dominate over other parts, and might in the end destroy the peaceful liberties of all, as has been the ever-repeating experience of ill-balanced and unchecked forms of government,—democracy succeeding conservatism and liberal order; the commune succeeding democracy; anarchism overturning the commune; and a single despot or brace of despots springing from the cabals and corruptions of communism and anarchy to be the masters of all.

To establish a secure barrier against such tendencies and dangers, the constitution of a second legislative branch composed of persons having a different constituency, and representing the independent equality of the States, was a supreme necessity.

In the Convention every aspect of the question was considered, and nearly or quite every possible method of accomplishing the purpose was suggested. In the first draft of a Constitution submitted by Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, it was proposed that the Senate be elected by the House of Representatives "out of a proper number of persons nominated by the individual legislatures."[1] Mr. Dickinson, of Delaware, and Roger Sherman, proposed that the senators "ought to be chosen by the individual legislatures."[2] Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, proposed that the senators "be elected by the people *in districts* to be formed for that purpose."[3] Mr. Sherman and Mr. Ellsworth moved that in the Senate "each State shall have

[1] Convention Journal, p. 67, May 29.
[2] P. 105, June 7. [3] P. 106, June 7.

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one vote."[1] Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hamilton moved that voting in the Senate "ought to be according to the rule established for the first branch" (the House of Representatives).[1] Mr. Hamilton proposed that Senators be elected "by electors chosen for that purpose by the people,—in order to this, the States to be divided into election districts."[2]

These various propositions were considered in Committee of the Whole, which on the 19th of June reported to the whole House a scheme which provided that the members of the Senate "ought to be chosen by the individual legislatures."[3] *This proposition was agreed to, unanimously, in the Committee of the Whole;*[4] and in the whole House it was agreed to in connection with another proposition, by nine States to two, when it first came up on June 25.[5] This difference is accounted for by the struggle then pending as to whether the States should vote in the Senate as in the existing Confederacy, *i.e.*, each State having one vote. When the question again came up on August 9,[6] there does not appear to have been any difference of opinion as to the wisdom of choosing senators by the State legislatures. The only difference was as to the amount of representation each State should have; and on September 17, "on the question to agree to the Constitution in order to be signed, all the States answered Aye."

It will be seen that the proposal to elect senators by the people was brought forward and considered deliberately, and as deliberately and almost, if not quite, unanimously dismissed. The debates[7] show how calmly and fully the whole subject was considered, and how nearly unanimous the great statesmen and patriots who composed the Convention were in deciding against the proposition, which "these new charmers who keep serpents" have now revived.

The essential and underlying idea of the structure of our national government is that in its relations to the people in respect of the subjects committed to it by the Constitution, and no others, it is a government operating upon *persons*, and that in respect of all its other relations with the people of the several States it affects them in their *collective character as States*.

The ultimate sovereign power of a free state must and should always reside in the people. But a wise people who wish to remain free and sovereign never undertake the task of exercising their sovereignty otherwise than by selecting representatives responsible to them, to do all acts of governmental sovereignty, save in passing *ad*

[1] Ibid. p. 112, June 11. [2] P. 130, June 18. [3] P. 135. [4] P. 106.
[5] P. 147. [6] Pp. 237, 238. [7] Madison Papers.

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referendum upon their Constitutions. It is true that in some of the Swiss republics and in a few of the States of our Union some laws have been passed to take effect upon the approval of the people, but these are rare exceptions. The legislature of a State, then, is the depositary of the whole mass of the sovereign power which the people, as such, have set forth and defined in its Constitution. It expresses the *will* of the State; the Executive executes that will; and the judiciary, in cases of dispute, decides what that will is. In constituting and exercising such a sovereignty, the people of a State never elect either branch of their legislature by the popular vote of all the citizens on a general ticket: that step remains to come in when the dream of the socialist shall be realized. The reason is obvious. Such a method would be purely the voice of an aggregation of mere numbers regardless of intelligence, property, and business interests, as well as of that innate sense of the value of the geographical distribution and separation of the various parts of a State into small communities substantially homogeneous. This notion begins with the nature of man himself as a separate individual; it is the foundation of the family, the town, the county, and of the State also, in our great republic. Upon it rests the division of States into congressional districts, which took place in 1842, after fifty-three years of experience had demonstrated the evils of the system of electing members of the House of Representatives from each State by a vote *en masse*,—a system to which no one is yet wild enough to propose a return. The government of a State is instituted for the benefit of the whole people, and not for that of party, nor for that of a majority of its people alone; and the act of a State in choosing its senators is one of the most important parts of its governmental duty. Both reason and experience prove that an election by a majority of all the people of a State is radically a different thing from the choice of the same officers by the people (through their representatives) of the separate political divisions of it. In respect of members of the House of Representatives and of the State legislatures, the vast majority of citizens will agree that such a system of mass voting would be unendurable, and dangerous to, and at last destructive of, good government, and even liberty itself, as rational men understand the term.

If these conclusions be true as regards the election of members of the House of Representatives and the members of the State legislatures, is it not equally clear that the founders of the republic adopted the best possible—and indeed imaginable—method of choosing the

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members of the national Senate? They believed that the liberty and happiness of the people of the several States—States which they foresaw would finally embrace a continent in their benign sway—could only be preserved by such divisions and subdivisions of the sources and methods and exercise of political power as they adopted and provided for. A century of experience has demonstrated the wisdom of their marvellous plan.

But a new school of politicians has now appeared who profess to believe that the Fathers were mistaken in their theory of the surest foundation of our national republic, and that the system they adopted has not, in regard to senators, worked well,—that the senators have not been the choice of, and have not represented, the great body of the people of the States that elected them, and therefore that elections of senators should be had by the suffrage of all the voters in the State *acting together*. One test of the truth of the first statement is the fact that of the less than 900 persons who have served as senators since the government was organized in 1789, more than 200 have been members of the House of Representatives—substantially one-fourth.

State	Number of Senators since 1789	Have served in House of Representatives	Serving in House subsequent to Senatorial term	State	Number of Senators since 1789	Have served in House of Representatives	Serving in House subsequent to Senatorial term
Alabama	18	7	..	Montana	2	..	..
Arkansas	14	3	..	Nebraska	7	2	..
California	19	6	..	Nevada	5	..	..
Colorado	7	2	..	New Hampshire	38	15	1
Connecticut	34	18	1	New Jersey	34	9	2
Delaware	29	11	..	New York	38	15	..
Florida	11	1	..	North Carolina	27	10	1
Georgia	37	16	..	North Dakota	3	1	..
Idaho	3	1	..	Ohio	27	9	..
Illinois	23	9	..	Oregon	13	5	1
Indiana	22	13	..	Pennsylvania	33	14	1
Iowa	10	5	..	Rhode Island	32	7	1
Kansas	10	2	..	South Carolina	32	11	1
Kentucky	35	17	3	South Dakota	3	1	..
Louisiana	28	7	2	Tennessee	30	9	..
Maine	20	11	..	Texas	13	4	..
Maryland	34	15	2	Vermont	23	9	1
Massachusetts	33	24	4	Virginia	38	20	..
Michigan	18	7	..	Washington	2	1	..
Minnesota	11	5	1	West Virginia	10	2	..
Mississippi	27	8	1	Wisconsin	10	3	..
Missouri	18	3	1	Wyoming	2	1	..

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Only two States—Montana and Nevada—have not been thus represented, while more than one-half of the senators from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Indiana, and Maine have been members of the House of Representatives; and, in addition to these, a very large fraction of the senators have been governors and judges elected by the people in their States. These facts show that it has been almost universally true that those chosen as senators have possessed the confidence, not only of the legislative representatives of political divisions of the States, but of the whole body of the people as well. The second part of the assertion of the persons who have seen a new light, as they think, is that sometimes "senators do not represent their States." This is true; but, happily for all the States and their people, *a senator, once chosen, becomes a senator of the United States*, and is not the mere agent of the State that chose him. And, as to the State itself that chose him, it has happened, and will happen again, that a gust of passion or a misguided opinion has taken temporary possession of a majority of the people of a particular State, which the senator, in his bounden duty to all the States, has disregarded. This was one of the very incidents that the patriots of 1787 foresaw and provided against by legislative elections and a long time of service.

Again, the new school of constitution-makers say that they think the Senate has become a body of rich men who gained their places by corrupting legislatures in a pecuniary way. But to any one acquainted with the personality of the Senate as it has existed for a generation and is now, such a statement is known to be absolutely destitute of foundation. The proportion of rich men in the Senate is not greater than that which exists in every State and community in the whole country where the honors and responsibilities of public office are shared alike by the rich, the comfortable, and the poor. As a perfect millennium has not yet been reached, it is doubtless true that some (but very few) men have secured election as senators by pecuniary persuasions, or, to put it roughly, have "bought their places" with money,—a crime of the worst character both in the buyer and in the seller. But alas, this is not a peculiarity belonging to the office of senator alone. It has happened equally or more often in elections to the House of Representatives, as well as in State and municipal elections. A legislative election of senators, therefore, is not the cause of this great evil. In the nature of things, it must be worse in popular elections, for the members of a legislature must, in the

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choice of the senator, vote openly, so that the constituents know whether or not their representatives have followed the general judgment of the particular communities they represent,—a matter of vital importance in all representative government. But in popular elections, where each citizen is acting in his personal character only, it is equally important that he have the right to vote secretly, notwithstanding that he may be bribed in spite of every precaution that the law may adopt to prevent it. And when we go back of the regular act of a government election and reach the "primaries" and the district, the county and State conventions, all barriers and safeguards are left behind, and the corruptions of riches and still more of trading machines and office brokerage, have their easiest and most abundant field of achievement in selecting candidates. To cite examples to the intelligent reader would be a waste of time. The real people of this republic of States and citizens—those who believe in liberty and order as inseparable, who believe in the value of individual endeavor and frugality, and, as a consequence, in the right to save earnings and to have homes and houses and lands and schools and churches—should consider:—

First, that the Constitutional provision for the choosing of two senators from each State by its legislature was wisely designed by the States that founded the government, as one of the corner-stones of the structure necessary to secure the rights and safety of the States.

Second, that a legislative instead of a popular election was adopted as necessary to the expression of the deliberate will of the State in its character as such, represented in all its parts in the way in which its own constitution distributed power.

Third, that the people of the several political divisions of the State should have the right to express their choice separately through their legal representatives, as they do in making laws, and not be overwhelmed by a mere weight of numbers that might occupy only a corner of the State and possess interests and cherish ambitions quite unlike those of all the other sections of the commonwealth.

Fourth, that the Senate as it has existed for a century has demonstrated the wisdom of the mode of its constitution.

Fifth, that its members have been as free from any just accusation of corruption, either in their election or in their course as senators, as any equal number of men connected with public affairs on the face of the earth, or connected with all the employments of private life.

Sixth, that as the election of senators by the State legislatures

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must be by open public voting, the danger of bribery, or the misrepresentation of constituents for other causes, is reduced to a minimum, and stands in strong contrast with the election of senators by the direct vote of the whole mass of voters in the several States, and especially in States where political parties are nearly equal in numbers.

Seventh, that, whatever evils now and then happen under the present system, they do not arise from any fault in the system itself, but from the fault of the body of citizens themselves,—non-attendance at caucuses and primaries; non-attendance at registration and at the polls; slavish fidelity to party organizations and party names; a contributing to and winking at the corrupt use of money at nominating conventions and elections; and the encouragement or tolerance of individual self-seeking in respect of getting possession of offices, all of which are truly public trusts.

Eighth, that in ninety-five instances out of a hundred, if there be an evil or inadequate senator or other officer in the public service, it is because the power that elected or appointed him—his State or community—has been either grievously negligent or else is fairly represented. We must believe that the people's government is a failure and a delusion, to think otherwise.

Ninth, and finally, there is neither reasonable nor plausible ground, then, for taking the grave step of disturbing the exact and solid balance of the powers and functions of our national Constitution, which has in these respects given us a century of security, of State representation, and of State rights, as well as a wonderful national progress as a people.

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THERE are some reasons for believing that Old Chronos is not indifferent to certain coincidences and sequences in the order and connection of our human lives. It has been an almost universal custom to set apart in a company by themselves the poets Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell,—I name them in the order of their birth; and, while some one now and then has endeavored to swell the number of this company by additions at the farther or the nearer end, few have been persuaded of the judiciousness of the proceeding. And it is certainly an interesting fact that the date of the death of Dr. Holmes, October 7, brings us within a month of the centennial of Bryant's birth, November 3. These poets in their going have not stood upon the order of their coming, or Lowell would yet have another decade of our fond regard. The survival of Holmes beyond all the others is not, however, without a certain aspect of propriety. If not the youngest in years, he was the youngest of them all in heart. In that charming bit of reminiscence called "Cinders from the Ashes," he tells of the little ghost at Andover, whose ticket he bought for Boston: "But the little ghost whispered, 'When you leave this place you leave me behind you.'" But he never left that cheerful little ghost of his boyhood behind him. Wherever he went, that urchin travelled in his heart.

Schiller's assurance that the immortals never appear alone gets ample confirmation from the year of Holmes's birth, 1809, which was more prodigal of greatness than any other that I can recall. The immortals of that year were Lincoln, Darwin, Tennyson, Gladstone; and Holmes is not unworthy to be named with these. Lincoln, we may be sure, would have valued him as highly as any contemporary. A man who could "shake the midriff of despair with laughter" was just the man for him. Like Bryant, Emerson, and Lowell,—like Longfellow and Whittier in a less degree,—he was much more than poet. Like Bryant and Lowell, he was much more than both poet and general man of letters, while unlike Whittier he was nothing of a re-

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former, except as he held fast to a reformed theology. Had he done only what he did as a good physician and medical professor, his record would have been highly honorable, and his reason for not dividing his practice, when he was urged to do so, would have witnessed to the goodness of his heart. It was that he had only one patient left, an indivisible unit. If he had been cut off in 1857, when he was forty-eight years old, his rank among our poets would have been very different from what it is now, and among our prose-writers he would have had no signal place. He would have been generally regarded as a distinguished medical professor and practitioner who occasionally "dropped into poetry," and had a few times gone down many fathoms deep and brought up a priceless pearl. Such an one was "The Last Leaf," in whose blended humor and sentiment many thousands besides Abraham Lincoln have found something piercing to the heart. Landor's "Rose Aylmer" does not awaken any tenderer chord than the stanza Lincoln loved so much:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

But no other poem of Holmes's first period (before 1857) approximates the delicacy of this, which has to perfection Beecher's "two babies in one cradle," laughter and tears, one waking the other, a conjunction which is the secret of the true society-verse. The aptness of the form for such an order of ideas has been attested by many happy imitations by the masters in this kind. Mr. Stedman has reminded us that Holmes came by inheritance and survival into possession of the manner of the Queen Anne and Georgian poets, and that he lived to see his fashion come in again. So did the old lady with her bonnet; but she flattered herself that she had brought back the fashion. So did not Holmes; but he was no less grateful to the whirligig of time. His loyalty to Pope's rhymed pentameter was the first article of his poetical creed. He theorized that it was the measure of our natural respiration. His use of it, habitual to all his longer poems on great public occasions, went far to justify his admiration, which, in truth, was not for the measure as such, but for its possibilities. "In his hand the thing became a trumpet." Holmes knew well enough that poetry intended to be read aloud or recited,

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as even his longer poems generally were, must be simple, eloquent, rhetorical, ornate. Acting upon this knowledge he became the pet of college commencements and the literary societies in the 'forties and 'fifties. The immediate impression must have been delightful, so incessant was the sparkle of the wit, so sonorous the appeal to the instinctive associations of the patriot and the collegian. But there was no "lead-poisoning" in things of this sort for coming generations; no pledge of a posthumous reputation. They would not have given Holmes a permanent rank with our other major poets if he had not gone on to better things. Nor would those poems which are still, no doubt, "the delight of generous boys," where, if he did not write "as funny as he could," he wrote in such a jocund way, with such animal spirits and such pure absurdity, that he was to the majority the poet of "The September Gale" and things of that breezy quality, "The Height of the Ridiculous," his private spur of the Parnassian Mount, than which he could no further climb. There were some, no doubt, who recognized a vein of purer fancy cropping through the classic satire and the persistent jollity. It was unmistakably there, and it was what Holmes always valued in himself above all things. To be a poet was the mark of his high calling, and he prized affectionately and gratefully the moments that brought to him some happy consciousness that he was something more than humorist or satirist or laughing philosopher. His "Chambered Nautilus" was more to him than many One-Hoss Shays. "When I wrote that," he said, "I did better than I could."

One has only to compare Holmes's poetical production for the 'forties and earlier 'fifties with that of the 'thirties, to see that he was losing ground. He was producing less, and its character was getting more and more occasional. The exigencies of his practice and professorship were severe, and then, too, he was a lyceum-lecturer, in which relation it was not the hardness but the softness of his lot—the feather-beds—that tried him most. But that and much other chastening which for the present seemed not to be joyous worked out for him many pleasant fruits of popularity when he began to exercise himself as the Autocrat and Professor of the Breakfast Table. He was as sternly anti-orthodox as such a genial soul could be: but for one orthodox doctrine, that of regeneration, he should have had a warm appreciation; for in 1857, when the "Atlantic Monthly" was established, and he began to write for it, he had his own re-birth. A little while ago we should have compared it to Mark Twain's Map of

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Paris, and said, "There was never anything like it;" but the author of "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby" furnishes a striking parallel. It was not only that the prose lucubrations, some of whose "seeds and weak beginnings" were entreasured in an old portfolio, were a fresh, delightful revelation; the correlated growth and exuberance of his poetic faculty was not less remarkable. We have had twice the amount of poetry from him in the last thirty years, as in the thirty years preceding, and its variety and average quality have been as superior as the amount. In the "Autocrat" we had his most perfect poetry for poets, that of "The Chambered Nautilus," and that masterpiece of logical construction, at once the deacon's and his own, "The One-Hoss Shay," and in "Contentment" a most frank confession of his honest liking for life's fair and pleasant things, and with these many others nearly or quite as good. He compared "The Professor" and "The Poet" to the wine of grapes that are squeezed in the press after the first juice that runs of itself has been drawn off. Like Thackeray he "wrote in numbers, for the numbers came," and such necessity is not always the mother of literary invention, or her offspring are a feeble folk. The mechanism of the Breakfast Table creaks a little in the "Autocrat" Series, and it becomes more stridulent under the Professor's elbows and the Poet's. But with every abatement they were a source of boundless pleasure, and they had in them a lot of saving grace. The story of Iris lay across the Professor's table like a gleam of tenderest light. The egotism was evident, but it was so easily resolved into a sympathetic appreciation of the reader's happiness that we could hardly wish it less. The toryism was unmistakably present, but so naked and unashamed that to blush for it would be absurd. And what shafts there were at folly and pretence; what pleasant talk of books and learning; what genial social wisdom; what airing of pet theories; what charming interfusion of the medical professor's blood into the poet's veins, as in that noble poem "The Living Temple"; what aphorisms and reflections that will be current till the patent on them has run out and they pass into the universal wisdom of mankind; and last, but not least, how much of serio-comic criticism of the creed and temper of that theology and religion which New England had inherited from Calvin, and which her own Edwards had made more intolerable.

Dr. Holmes's activities were so various, and the diamond clearness of his mind presents so many facets to the light, that it is difficult to speak of him with any adequacy within such limits as a writer for

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THE FORUM would not lightly overpass. But there are some things that are so evident that they must occur to every one who views the Autocrat with an observing eye. First the ungracious negative, that he was not found among the abolitionist or anti-slavery prophets with Bryant, and Emerson, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Lowell. He was of that Boston tea-party which shut its doors on Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. He was a Union-saver of the most aggravated type. Like Webster, he loved the Union so much that he would bind it firmer with the chains of negro slavery. He had a panegyric for Webster, for whom Whittier had had his "Ichabod" like lightning out of heaven. In 1843 he wrote:

> "Chiefs of New England! by your sires' renown,
> Dash the red torches of the rebel down,
> Flood his black hearth-stone till its flames expire,
> Though your old sachem fanned his council fire."

Who was the rebel, who the old sachem of this spirited demand? The rebel was the abolitionist, and the old sachem was John Quincy Adams. But his eyes were couched when Sumner was struck down, and when the war so initiated became general, no one saw more clearly that liberty and union were one and inseparable. His Boston oration of 1863, "The Inevitable Trial," brought forth fruits meet for repentance in no stinted fashion. In the terrible winter of 1860–61, when so many hearts were failing us for fear, his songs rang out like trumpets for the preservation of the Union and the beating of rebellion down. Lowell was not more patriotic, though with a more infallible predilection for showing his patriotism by his loathing of whatever meant his country's shame.

The good woman of a familiar story, who was called up at a spiritual sitting, and, while admitting that the heavenly society was very good, added, "But it isn't Boston!" was a woman after the Autocrat's own heart. "Homesick in Heaven" is the subject of one of his later poems, the best of which is the homesickness, not the proffered consolation. It is quite impossible to conceive of him as not homesick in heaven for his beloved Boston, whatever Franklin and Irving, Lamb and Thackeray and Steele may do to cheer his heart. Boston does not seem Boston without him. The State House or the Common would not be more sadly missed. His muse loved what Lamb called "the sweet security of streets," and yet she had her outings and came back from them with her apron full of flowers. He loved trees of famous girth, and those "wooden preachers" were ex-

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ceptionally interesting among the many he had known, but in general the nature that he loved best was the more civilized sort, such as he found *intra muros*, when the springtide came swelling into Beacon Street and cast its foam of blossoms at his doors. It was for her symbolic value that nature was most dear to him; and yet it may be doubted whether Longfellow had so much first-hand unliterary love of natural things. The gods made him scientific as well as poetical, but to draw the mystic line dividing his science from his poetry would be a difficult matter. The two were interfluent streams.

The amount of Whittier's occasional poetry was absolutely large, but relatively small compared with that of Holmes, who has more than one hundred occasional pieces, not counting those inspired by great events—about one-third of all he ever wrote. It was not strange that he was so much desired—his taste, his tact, his ingenuity were so infallible. He could adapt himself with equal facility to the most various demands: occasions of greeting and farewell to scholars, poets, ambassadors, generals; country fairs and city celebrations; dirges for heroes; the anniversaries of—

> —"mighty poets in their misery dead,"

or still alive and yet in misery because their turn was coming soon—I do not mean to die, but to respond. But the occasions which elicited his happiest productions were those pertaining to his Alma Mater and the class of '29. No other of our poets has had such a feeling for his university. Harvard did well to give him every honorable degree but that of S. T. D., and there were excellent reasons why that should not have been withheld. She never had a son who loved her more. And as for the class of '29, was ever class so fortunate?

> "You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
> The cap on the nipple, the hammer full-cock;
> It is rusty, some tell me; I heed not the scoff;
> It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off."

It went off at more than forty successive meetings of the class. There were but nine survivors when the last Quinquennial Catalogue was published, and now there are but four. It is pathetic to imagine how soon he might have sung his annual song *solus cum solo*. When one recalls the enthusiasm and expressiveness and the contagious glee with which the poet read his own verses or recited them in public, and then turns to such a class-meeting poem as "The Boys," he wonders that when they heard it the old men's heart-strings did not

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snap under the tension of the great emotion with which it must have filled them to the brim. But these college and class-meeting poems have something in them that will long survive Samuel May, the veteran abolitionist, or that other Samuel,—

> —"a young fellow of excellent pith—
> Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith—"

who wrote "My country, 'tis of thee," or any other who may prove the last to go. For they are as full of happy comradeship as an egg is full of meat. We have all been saying lately that the comradeship in Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" is altogether sweet and good, whatever else is true of the book; and the spirit of Dr. Holmes's college poems answers to the spirit of comradeship in "Trilby" as face answereth to face in water.

The literary work of Dr. Holmes would amply justify itself if it had done nothing more than add immeasurably to the happiness of our contemporary life. Life is not so full of pleasantness, and the pessimists in these last days are not so few nor so well disposed toward such pleasantness as we have, that we can afford to be ungrateful for any increment; and for such an increment as that of Holmes's health and joy and cheer how can we be sufficiently grateful? No one in America has done so much as he to cheer us with sweet, guileless laughter. But both consciously and unconsciously he was set for the defence and propagation of a gospel that was indeed "tidings of great joy to all people." The fact that his father intended him for the ministry has affected many people as extremely funny in view of what he came to do and be as time went on. But the ministry as a class do not object to wit and humor, and there have been clergymen quite as humorous and witty as Dr. Holmes without damage to their cloth. What is more to the point, however, is that his predilection for preaching was immense, not less than Thackeray's, and that he did a great deal of it from the pulpit of the "Atlantic Monthly," and from other elevations. And he was the preacher of a very liberal theology. Like Bryant, and Emerson, and Longfellow, and Lowell, he was connected with what President Eliot calls "the unsectarian sect called Unitarians." But they all sat much more lightly to it than he, and no one of them ever felt so sternly bound to oppose the traditional orthodoxy and to set forth his liberal opinions, let who would hear him or forbear. He was not lacking in courage for the expression of his opinions, and its effect upon his publisher's statements was to him a matter of supreme indifference. Much of his liberal preaching

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was incidental. He was so full of it that it came quickly to the surface on the slightest provocation. His table-talk and poems furnished him with vehicles of expression equally serviceable to the end he had in view. Occasionally, as in the paper on Jonathan Edwards and that called "The Pulpit and the Pew," he spoke with much more elaboration. These papers give forth no uncertain sound. We are admitted in the latter to as complete a confidence as we could possibly desire. He says:

> "The real, vital division of the religious part of our Protestant communities is into Christian optimists and Christian pessimists. The Christian optimist in his fullest development is characterized by a cheerful countenance, a voice in the major key, an undisguised enjoyment of earthly comforts, and a short confession of faith. His theory of the universe is progress; his idea of God that he is a Father with all the true paternal attributes, of man that he is destined to come into harmony with the keynote of divine order, of this earth that it is a training-school for a better sphere of existence."

He goes on to describe the Christian pessimist, and then says:

> "The line dividing these two great classes zigzags its way through the religious community, sometimes following denominational layers and cleavages, sometimes going, like a geological fracture, through many different strata. The natural antagonists of the religious pessimists are the men of science, especially the evolutionists, and the poets."

There can be no question where he conceived his proper place to be. He was emphatically a Christian optimist. His was the major key, the cheerful countenance, the short confession of faith, the undisguised enjoyment of earthly comforts. And as he conceived that Robert Burns "did more to humanize the hard theology of Scotland than all the rationalistic sermons that were ever preached," so without any slightest disrespect to Dr. Holmes we may conceive that he did more by the incidental Christian optimism of his poetry and literary prose to humanize the hard theology of New England than by such deliberate rationalistic preaching as that of his "Jonathan Edwards" and "The Pulpit and the Pew." How much he did it is impossible to say. But as Poet, Autocrat, Professor, he found his way to many a breakfast-table, many a sitting-room and library, where the formal literature of a liberal theology would have been hopelessly shut out. And in many instances it must have eaten away the substance of the wintry creeds as the south wind eats away the drifts of snow that linger till the April days.

And still we have not touched the deepest spring of Holmes's influence upon his time. If this influence had reached its maximum

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as a solvent of the Puritan theology, it would have been a modest factor in the evolution of New England thought and life as compared with the poetry of Whittier. Whittier did much more than Holmes to soften the Puritan theology, but Holmes did vastly more than Whittier to soften the Puritan temper of the community. And here was his most characteristic work. He was neither stoic nor ascetic; neither indifferent to life's sweet and pleasant things, nor, while hankering for their possession, did he repress his noble rage and freeze the genial currents of his soul. His was "an undisguised enjoyment of earthly comforts"; a happy confidence in the excellence and glory of our present life; a persuasion, as one has said, that "if God made us, then he also meant us," and he held to these things so earnestly, so pleasantly, so cheerily, that he could not help communicating them to everything he wrote. They pervade his books and poems like a most subtile essence, and his readers took them in with every breath. Many entered into his labors, and some, no doubt, did more than he to save what was best in the Puritan conscience while softening what was worst in the Puritan temper and what was most terrible in the Puritan theology. But it does not appear that any one else did so much as Dr. Holmes to change the social temper of New England, to make it less harsh and joyless, and to make easy for his fellow-countrymen the transition from the old things to the new. And it may be that here was the secret, in good part, of that great and steadily increasing affection which went out to him in the later lustrums of his life. It was recognized, or felt with dim half-consciousness, that here was one who had made life better worth the living, who removed the interdict on simple happiness and pure delight, who had taken an intolerable burden from the heart and bade it swell with gladness in the good world and the good God. Whatever the secret, it is certain that no man among us was more widely loved, or will be more sincerely mourned. As he enters on another life beyond the grave, we seem to enter on another here. An epoch seems to end with the completed century of our six major poets. But whatever the new time may have in store, it must be something better than it could ever be without the heritage of their immortal songs.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

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IMPOTENCE OF CHURCHES IN A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

MR. JUSTICE MASON, commenting upon the exhibit of religious life in a New England town, made in an article in THE FORUM for March, remarks with judicial precision that it is an approved method in the study of economic and social principles to observe their application first under conditions of extreme simplicity, and to reason therefrom of their effect under more complex conditions where their operation is less open to observation.

The article under comment traced the history of religious segregation in a New England village, and sketched the present secularized condition of the churches and the decadence of religious life in a community torn by religious dissension and rivalry. The principle of sectarianism was here seen in operation under simple conditions. A dozen miles from the village is a manufacturing town with a population approximating one hundred thousand. When the student undertakes to observe the operation here of the principle of division in religious life, he finds it immediately widening out into results of the most startling character, which, however, have not heretofore been attributed to the agency which he, coming with a previous knowledge of its work in a more primitive community, clearly discovers to be their cause. He sees the idea of division, introduced and recommended by a divided Church, accepted by the population of a city, and given manifold application, until all conception and possibility of united action are gone, and municipal interests are given over to the clash, no longer merely of many religious bodies, but of many social classes, arrayed against each other on every conceivable issue and pretext of issue. He discovers with what readiness men who have been taught to think of themselves not as Christians, but as Catholics or Protestants, and not even as Protestants, but as Congregationalists, or, with another title of division, Orthodox Congregationalists, as Episcopalians or may be Methodist Episcopalians, or, with even a third mark of distinction, African Methodist Episcopalians,—he discovers the readiness with which such men go on and

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think of themselves not as men, but as "bosses" and operatives; if "bosses," again either as owners or agents; if operatives, no longer as operatives only, but as weavers or spinners. He sees those who should constitute the moral force of the city divided and subdivided and divided again until they are incapable as toy soldiers against organized crime and united greed. He sees—a monument to division—the city an aggregation of houses on ill-made and worse-kept streets, with no great buildings reflecting its united character as a city, its industries subject to periodical paralysis, its social life unendurable, its political events general debauches, spotted physically with festering sores, a city suffering every species of misgovernment at the hands of officials who mock the warring factions from whose indignation they are secure. He sees, in short, religious division no longer merely resulting in religious disaster, but effecting public calamity.

The city of Fall River, Massachusetts, may be regarded as a typical manufacturing town. It has a population of ninety thousand. One-half of this is Roman Catholic, the other half being made up of Protestants and those who profess no religious faith. The churches and mission chapels and Sunday-schools maintained by the Protestants are distributed among fifteen denominations as follows:

Protestant Episcopal...5	Primitive Methodist...3	Friends 1
Baptist.....7	Christian.....3	African Methodist Episcopal.....1
Orthodox Congregational 6	Unitarian Congregational 1	Christian Science.....1
Methodist Episcopal...7	United Presbyterian...1	Latter-Day Saints.....1
Presbyterian.....4	New Church.....1	Advent.....7

The Protestant clergy number twenty-eight. The table attempts to show the probable order of the denominations with respect to size, the bodies numerically larger preceding those numerically smaller. The position of the Episcopal Church is accounted for by the presence in the city of large numbers of English operatives. It is impossible to give anything like an accurate tabulation of totals of members belonging to the several denominations. The Young Men's Christian Association considers that there are, all told, twenty-five thousand Evangelicals (by which it means Trinitarian Protestants), attached and unattached, in the city. It has been estimated at the Ministers' Meeting that five thousand people are in attendance upon Protestant services Sunday by Sunday. At present the popular place of worship is the Baptist Temple. This structure, which rejoices in a new organ and an attractive preacher, stands on the principal business

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street, its front being occupied by four shops—an arrangement which is becoming lamentably frequent in American cities. It is an arrangement made necessary by the heavy and needless expense of maintaining many separate church establishments. A block away on the same street is a Methodist church; at least, the sign of one is displayed on the street, and, by crossing, one may see the roof of a church back of the row of shops which occupy the best portion of the lot. The Methodist church also has four shops, but it is to be credited with maintaining a wider entrance than do the Baptists, into the spiritual reserve.

Either of these locations affords a splendid opportunity to lift, out of the midst of the sordid life of the street, a great, solemn witness to the invisible, the spiritual. Could but these two congregations forget their fancied differences, and set up a common household, they would be strong enough to do for this city what Trinity Church and Grace Church do for New York, and what St. Paul's Church does for Boston,—make, where most it is needed, a dignified and worthy protest against the engrossment of men forever in getting and spending; afford an inviting retreat out of the turmoil of barter and selfishness, to which men might repair for a little thought of more enduring things. As it is, passing throngs merely see the signs of a feeble folk, who acknowledge their defeat and hide themselves, who ingloriously hang on behind prosperous and triumphant materialism.

The testimony of those who have tried to enlist the Protestant denominations in united undertakings is that one who looks for any spirit of unity in Fall River is fated to look in vain. This week, a non-denominational mission in Flint Village, the poorest quarter of the town, is abandoned for lack of funds. A coffee-house, in the conduct of which several denominations have lately associated themselves, is a happy fact; its success, however, is doubtful.

There is an Associated Charities organization, the work of which, though under good management, is pitiably inconsequential. It has been embarrassed with conflicts with city physicians and other health officials, who were Roman Catholics, and were not disposed to receive orders from a somewhat assuming Protestant affair. The city has a Young Men's Christian Association which strives heroically, against sectarian narrowness, to make a place for itself, and a rather inconspicuous society known as the Young Men's Union. Last summer a nurse attached to the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Asso-

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ciation worked here under the direction of the Board of Associated Charities. There has lately been established a Methodist deaconesses' home. This practically sums up the work done by Protestants in Fall River.

A comparison of this showing with that which Roman Catholics are able to make is much to the embarrassment of the Protestants. Inferior to them in wealth and education, Roman Catholics, because united, are far in advance in every Christian activity. Their churches are the most conspicuous objects in the city. At least two of them every Sunday contain each as many worshippers as are present in all the Protestant churches combined. They have at present fifteen churches, and they are building on magnificent sites two more which will be larger than any now standing. In these churches thirty-two masses are said on every week-day, and between thirty-five and forty every Sunday. The most prominent hill-top is crowned with a group of Roman Catholic charitable institutions. They support an English and a French orphan asylum, a college, and several convents. They have about ten thousand children in parochial schools. They maintain a Catholic Union, which affords young men a club house and gives them lectures and concerts in the season; they support some ten boys' clubs, all well housed. They frequently astonish the Protestants of the city with evidences of their prosperity and charity. I record one rather striking instance. The High School some years ago received from a family of the city a gift to which was attached the condition that the family should have a veto power over appointments to its teaching staff. This has always been understood as intended to exclude Roman Catholics. Last year an effort was made by Protestant gentlemen to establish a scholarship in this school. The effort failed, but as soon as it had been abandoned the scholarship was founded by the subscriptions of Roman Catholics.

The most serious limitation upon the Roman Catholic Church is that its communicants are drawn mainly from one of the two classes which compose the world, so far as Fall River is concerned. It has no influence among the employers of labor; it is the church of the laborers. Conscious of this fact, and taking no pride in it, it is careful not to antagonize the corporations, even to the extent of denouncing their selfishness and injustice. It has no opportunity to impress the rich, and, its policy—the best one, I doubt not—being not to commit itself to a partisan position, it is prevented from doing

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its duty to the poor. The importance of this we shall see later. Let us now observe the great Roman-Protestant schism at work in municipal politics.

In the autumn of 1892, Fall River, voting under the local-option statute of the Commonwealth, adopted the policy of no license for liquor-selling. Great was the joy in the high places of morality when, the prohibition going into effect, every liquor-shop was closed. The officials had no apparent difficulty in enforcing the law. If there was illicit selling, the public did not discover it. It is doubtful if a glass of liquor was sold in the city for two weeks. Then, as if by magic, the doors opened. Every semblance of restraint was taken off, and intoxicants were sold as openly as groceries and dry-goods. The mayor was charged with receiving bribes for protection given to violators of the law. He had made a large addition to the police force, himself nominating the new members. This force became a band of mercenaries paid out of the public treasury to further his private ends. In the aldermanic chamber the president of the board told the mayor that "all kinds of liquor were being sold in victuallers' shops, tenement dives, boozing-dens, and hell-holes, seven days in the week, and by his authority," and received no denial. This is an old story, with no original incidents in its early course. The interest comes later.

The following autumn the mayor was a candidate for re-election. A month before the election, a committee, representing the Protestant ministers of the city, had a hearing in the city hall: laying before his Honor evidence of violation of the law, they asked him to pledge himself to an attempt to enforce it. They gave him the location of five hundred and forty places which had paid the United States liquor tax, and in plain words impeached him of perjury and bribe-taking. The answer of this man to the serious charge of official connivance at violation of law was an attack on the law. He did not believe in it. Therefore he would not enforce it. In the face of the fact that the city had voted to sacrifice revenue to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars annually, for the sake of freedom from the saloon evil, he had the impudence to declare that the people did not want the law enforced, and that the vote was merely an expression of disgust with the limitation statute. The law of Massachusetts allows but one saloon to every thousand souls. "Take off the accursed limitation," cried the mayor to the assembled clergy. He appealed to them to

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aid him to secure its repeal, and he shamelessly admitted every charge they had made. "I don't say that liquor is not sold. I say that it is sold. I make no apology for my conduct. The people will record their verdict later."

No better case than this could have been desired. The pages of this article may contain little that is complimentary to Fall River, but they make no reflection so severe as that its people are ready to repudiate and nullify law. There is but one sentiment among decent people with regard to law and its enforcement, and the majority of the citizens of Fall River are decent people. A vigorous campaign was at once begun in behalf of the opposing candidate, and its issue was confidently expected to vindicate law.

It is not to be doubted that it would have done so, had not another question been permitted to displace the one which should have been settled at the polls. The American Protective Association made its appearance. Mayor Coughlin happens to be a communicant of the church from which this association "protects" America, and it took up the fight against him, not because he was a perjured and lawless official, but because he was a Roman Catholic. The Protestant ministers from their pulpits, properly enough, denounced the mayor, but unfortunately some of them were led to denounce his religion. The pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, for example, in the course of a sermon proclaimed that "the Roman Church is the greatest menace to the government," that "political Romanism means destruction to American institutions," and so on. The Pope's toe, the Jesuits, the plotting priests, and kindred subjects of familiar sound, were discussed in places of worship. A daily paper supporting the mayor retorted with the customary alliteration, "Blatant bigots!" and the issue had ceased to be moral, having become religious.

The result, of course, was the solidifying of the Roman Catholic vote for Coughlin. The most worthy and able Democrat in Fall River, though Coughlin's political enemy, was led, solely by the raising of the religious question, to support him, and scores followed. The Roman Catholic clergy, several of whom, at least, I have assurance would have given their influence against the mayor, were prevented from doing so; "L'Independance," a French Republican paper, bolted the ticket of its party because it represented the American Protective Association; and Mayor Coughlin was re-elected.

Consider the significance of this bit of history. If ever angels of darkness fear that vice is about to be struck down, crime visited with

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punishment, they need but remind those about to strike that they are of different Christian names. Since this election, which was a crisis in the affairs of the city, the filth of its politics has grown unspeakable; to-day it is an offence to the nostrils of Massachusetts. Since this their triumph, encouraged by the growing heat of the religious issue, lawlessness, bribery, and vice do not have even the decency to hide themselves. Let us get clearly in mind the lesson of the election from which all this dates: *When the ecclesiastical issue is raised, moral issues must go unsettled. When the divided households of Christ's Church lift their hands against each other, crime goes untouched and undismayed.*

At the city-hall hearing the mayor proposed to the ministers a question which, though it was of no significance for his purpose, is, on quite other grounds, worth getting an answer to. Why, the mayor asked, this sudden interest in the enforcement of this particular law? Why not have equal interest in that of other important statutes, such as those for the protection of operatives? I desire to examine into the ground of the mayor's question.

A great line divides the population of Fall River into two classes. This is a vastly more apparent division than is usually to be found, because there is here but one industry,—that of cloth-making. Every man, woman, and girl in the city either is, or is not, an operative. If he or she is an operative, he or she not only works, but goes to church, buys, finds companionship, dresses, and lives as an operative. The designation is fastened upon each one, and is laid off neither day nor night. There are twenty-five thousand who bear this name. Over against these are the owners, agents, and "supers." The attitude of these two classes is of one of mutual suspicion, hatred, and war. The unquestioned assumption is that their interests are necessarily opposed; their dealings with each other proceed upon that assumption. Each is eager for chances to take an advantage of the other. It is not difficult to guess which is more successful at this. It cannot be otherwise than that operatives are stupefied by their work: to pass one's days, beginning in childhood, amid the din of looms and mules, making a few ever-recurring movements of arms and bodies, reduces men to something akin to the machines they operate. The "supers" know this, and commonly believe that they can reason with their men on but one subject, and when they are in but one condition,—upon the subject of food, and

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when their stomachs are empty. They therefore view with equanimity the exercise of the only defensive measure operatives know of,—the strike,—and usually turn it to their own profit. The city is now going through the miseries of a protracted strike; for two months the spindles have not turned. The point in dispute is one easily susceptible of settlement, but manufacturers unable to agree, and operatives organized separately as weavers and as spinners, complicate the situation.

Looked upon as natural enemies by the corporations, employees are the victims of many frauds. One inspector and one female assistant are detailed by the State for this district, and it includes the city of New Bedford. This is entirely inadequate for the task of enforcing the statutory regulations as to ventilation and other sanitary provisions, fire-escapes, the employment of minors, the Particulars Act, and other measures of protection.

The mayor's question referred to all this, and had its reason in a hundred cruel wrongs that need somebody's attention. Why do not the churches interest themselves in this?

The answer seems a harsh one to give, but it is the facts that give it: because, under the sectarian system, the expense of operating the many churches is great, and no appreciable share of it can be borne by the poor. The churches therefore are mainly churches of the well-to-do, and the majority of the pastors are occupied with their proper parishioners, the well-to-do. The exceptions to this statement do not prevent its being the explanation of a lamentable fact. Let it be remarked that it is unfair to blame the clergy. They are the servants of the congregations which hire them. They have each registers, not of the souls within their cures, but of the members who compose their congregations. I am aware that liberal-minded and hard-working ministers may feel their duty to be also to others; it is a happiness to know that the Episcopal Church—in theory, at least—knows no "members"; but the practical outworking of the system is this: a minister must serve the society by which he is employed. The pastor of the Central Congregational Society, which is known as "the Manufacturers' Church," learned this when he returned home after having uttered in another city the views of a Christian socialist. So did an assistant employed by this society to look after a mission congregation, when once it drew out his sympathies and set him to writing for the city press warm articles in behalf of labor, until his employers persuaded him to think better of it.

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It would be wrong to seek to give the impression that the operatives have no attention from the churches. Those of them who are Roman Catholics are looked up if they do not present themselves at mass. Those who are Protestants have a few churches,—for the most part small and weak affairs,—over which are faithful ministers, and a few missions, at which to obtain religious privileges. Most of the manufacturers are to be described conventionally as Christians, and some of them send their wives to the missions, on the self-sacrificing principle of Artemus Ward, who freely devoted all his wife's relatives to the service of his country. And this is best. Few workmen would permit their children to receive religious instruction from the men whom they look upon as being engaged in grinding and squeezing them during the week. And when Christian work among the operatives is being spoken of, it should be said that three names —that of a big-hearted schoolfellow of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan, himself working away in the humbler station of a parish priest; that of a Scotch Presbyterian, who talks the same fearless words among the poor, in the pulpit, and in the State House; and that of a young man who sacrificed much to give his accomplishments to the homely duties of rector of the English operatives' church—are spoken with affection in many a tenement in Fall River.

But when the best is done, a body of sixty clergy working the same ground in sixteen unsympathetic squads, manifestly cannot begin to touch a hundred thousand people. I want them relieved from blame, but I want the system of which they and thousands of human souls are the victims, visited with the wrath which it deserves.

I have talked with groups of the better-looking operatives on the street. They say, not with bitterness, calmly, as if from settled conviction, "Go to church! There is no church for us. Churches can't be run without money, and we have none. Why don't we go to the churches on the hill? Because, when we have gone, our wives got such looks as cut them for weeks after. We don't see much good in churches. Hardly think Jesus Christ would know they were his." Some of the language is more vivid than it is necessary to make it here, but on every side it was plain that the churches had lost their influence by reason of their devotion to their respective constituencies rather than to men. Those who dream Christ's dream of one catholic Church shudder at the thought of constituencies. The streets are full of religious debatings, and of arraignment of churches and ministers. Religion is up for trial, and the prospects for the judg-

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ment are not reassuring to those who cherish it. The charge is justifiable that a daily result of its administration by a divided Church is the creation of unbelief in its claims and in those of its Founder. Jesus saw what would follow division when he prayed for his apostles, their successors, and those who should believe, that they might be one. His petition was, "as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." Otherwise, was the unspoken reflection, the world will not believe. The issue of events proves his prophetic insight.

A further and more specific inquiry into the ability of a divided Church to do its work will show how inevitable is the world's unbelief. It must be admitted that the first duty of Christianity is to the bodies of men. Jesus seems to have preached few sermons, but to have healed many men. Relieving bodily misery was his daily occupation. He came that men might have life more abundantly, in a real and physical sense. He bade his Church care for the temples of men's souls, and preachers say that it is his Holy Spirit who gives us strength and skill to battle with disease. It is inconceivable how a Church which has no concern for the bodily welfare of men can have any holy anxiety as to their spiritual condition. But this needs no argument. With such care as sixteen religious bodies can give them, how do the operatives of Fall River live?

We will begin our inquiry, entirely without selection, at the Richard Borden mill tenements. They stand on Rodman Street, between two alleys. There are sixteen blocks arranged around a court; the blocks have six tenements each. You can enter the court with dry boots if you tiptoe on an isthmus, and jump; for the village is built on low ground, and pools of standing water abound. If you ask at the first tenement on the right, you will be told that there are four bedrooms and a kitchen, and that four sleep in each room. Operatives live in bedrooms and kitchens. They pay here seven dollars a month; this means to the corporation a rental of $8,000 annually—five per cent interest on $160,000. Four to a room is perhaps an unusual number for this particular village. They are not often willing to tell how many share a tenement; it will average here, perhaps, ten, though the patrolman thinks more. The population of the court is about one thousand. The buildings have been painted a cheap color which might have been selected for its dinginess; the court, however, is always gay with hundreds of fluttering garments of many

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colors; clothes-lines cross it in every direction. Looking in at entries, the plastering of the walls is seen to be discolored and broken, and the stairs bare and dilapidated. The court is littered with refuse; one threads one's way among unsavory heaps. Along under the eaves of every block is a ridge composed of potato-parings, egg-shells, and garbage; the universal rule is to pour the kitchen-emptyings out of the window. This description must pause, however, for it dare not tell how the centre of the court—which is the playground of children and the thoroughfare for all—is occupied. A photograph would shock the world. In certain details of filth, hideous indecency, and indescribable shame, this place is probably not matched outside of Fall River anywhere in what we call civilization. And in the centre of all stands a pump. The air is pestilential, and the place revolting to every sense. The heart sickens at the sight of the crowds who sit on stoops and hang out at windows, and gaze at their common misery. God in heaven! how is it permitted for girls to look upon this? The saloon is a retreat of which we should do wrong to deprive these men. For their women, there is no refuge but the streets. For them, immorality is almost inevitable from childhood. And among them all, hatred of the rich, and rage against life, are inevitable. In such a place what can men do but sit on the steps and curse their employers; what can women do but nurse their cripple babies and wish them dead?

Leaving this place, you pass a block where a dozen families draw water from a single faucet, the condition of which may be judged from the statement of the patrolman that to fill a pail from it requires several minutes. You see many blocks worse than those of the Borden mills. "Little Canada," the property of the American Linen Mills Company, is unspeakable. It would be an abuse to house a dog in such a place. The Slade mill tenements stand in a swamp; they do not compare favorably with old-time slave-quarters of the poorer class. Speak to one of the many heads that crowd the windows:

"All idle here?"

"All, sir."

"What do you pay?"

"A dollar ten a week. Three bedrooms and a kitchen. There's no money coming in now, so there's none to go out. But they've got it down against us. Lower the rent when we are out of work? No, sir. They're so busy cutting wages they've no time to cut rents."

The first floor of the Globe mill tenement blocks is deserted.

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The tenants were overpowered by rats. At one of the upper windows is a box filled with soil in which stands a leafless geranium.

I have entered these abodes, in some cases with a physician on his rounds. In one room were three cots, two supported on soap-boxes, the third being made up on the floor. From one of these sprang a sick boy to kiss the hand and kneel for the blessing of the priest. The doctor calculated that fifteen men would occupy the room that night. The rent-man was at the door.

In another place there was typhoid fever in one room scarcely big enough to turn round in, while in the next the family was gathered; a washing was being done in one corner, supper was cooking in another, children were peeling potatoes on the floor, and an infant was crying on a shelf under the window. The brother of the sick man here died last week. It is almost impossible ever to save them.

Into such a room as this you may see a boarder come, bringing a piece of meat. He will cut it on the bare table over which kerosene has been spilled, lay it on the stove-top, and presently take it in his hands and eat it. There seems to be no cupboard or larder, and the loaf of bread is generally pushed back on the table in a heap with the lamp and the soap-bar. Sometimes it is kept in the pot; I never saw it on the floor; the potatoes are kept there.

So live thousands of men, women, and children in Fall River. Who is to blame? Many are to blame. Among others, the divided Church is to blame. It may be said that the city government is to blame. But who is to blame for the government? Indisputably, in Fall River, the divided Church.

But the case against the Church is worse than this. The man who might stop a crime, and does not, is guilty of the crime. Where there is ability, there is responsibility. The Church might stop the crime of permitting men to live as these do; it does not. Fall River is not a great city, where it is impossible to get into houses and to find men. It is easily possible here to know every alley, tenement, room, and man in the city. A united Church could throw into the tenements a powerful body of ministerial patrol, and give adequate inspection. Its sixty clergy, united, organized, and backed by the entire Christianity of the city, could clear out these places in two weeks. Moreover, to say nothing of what it could force the corporations to do in the way of better tenements, it could itself afford financial help which would prevent the worst miseries of the city. The

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money which, under its present conduct, it wastes, in five years would house every operative in decent, comfortable quarters. The Church here administers annually at least a quarter of a million of dollars. I impeach it of misuse of sacred funds. Not one-half of what is expended is necessary for the maintenance of worship with better music, greater accommodations, and a larger corps of ministers than at present. The other half should go to the suffering and the poor. It belongs to the category of crime to appropriate it for the gratification of personal fancies for this or that doctrine, custom, or form.

Even stronger is the indictment against the Church for indirect blame. Fall River is the product of the idea of division. What it needs is to hear the gospel of the race's unity. Corporations and operatives must be taught that their interests are one; that industry can prosper only when its prosperity is an object to both; that it can survive only upon condition of reciprocal sympathy and help. Specifically, employers ought to learn that to take better care of their men, to house them better, would be to make them actually more valuable workmen. All should be impressed with the lesson that the industrial world will be, as now it is, perplexed and bewildered, that wages will be unsettled, and dividends uncertain, till the great social and economic truth of the unity of the human family is learned.

Now, exactly that is the message of the Church; the proclamation of that is just its business on earth. God is the Father of men; therefore men are brothers—how glibly we say it! It is indeed the gospel; it is indeed the salvation of the world; the world political, social, commercial. How can the Church preach that humanity is one, when it is itself rent with schism? How can it persuade men to unity, unless it is united? The Church was founded to stand as the type and prophecy of what the race should be. These are serious words. It is questionable if an institution is worth maintaining when it fails to do that for which it was instituted. No one doubts that, in Fall River, Christianity is comforting hearts and lightening burdens, that happy homes are being blessed by its precious light; but no one who looks the facts in the face can doubt that Christianity as it is at present administered is incompetent for the work which its Master put it into the world to do. It is doubtful if an institution rendered incapable of duty by its divisions can much longer command the love or the service of men who would love and serve it. The duty of loyalty, even to the Church, depends upon the Church's loyalty to its duty.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

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GEORGE INNESS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

"INTENSE" was the word chosen by the Swedenborgian minister who delivered the address over the body of the late George Inness, to characterize the subject of his discourse, and he could not have found a better. It gives the key to the painter's life and work.

In the United States, at the end of the first quarter of the century, there was no art, there were no artists. This meant not only that there were no models and no teachers, but that to the American public art was not conceivable as a career, a profession, or even a livelihood. Painting, to most people, meant portrait-painting, and it is doubtful whether there was in one of the chief cities an established and fashionable portrait-painter, while the travelling portrait-painter was socially and pecuniarily much in the position long afterward occupied by the strolling photographer before he was submerged by the rising tide of amateurism. There was, however, one consolation to be got even from the depressing circumstances of the environment. It was quite certain that no active-minded boy who grew up in that environment would become a painter except from a real vocation and through "the strong propensity of nature." The later multiplication of facilities for studying art, it need scarcely be pointed out, much weakens this guarantee.

George Inness was born May 1, 1825, on a farm two miles and a half back of Newburgh, on the Hudson,—the fifth of thirteen children. That he was of Scotch descent was attested to all who knew him in later life—not so much by his name, unmistakable as that was, as by the Scottish qualities he had inherited, prominent among them the hereditary taste for theological disputation. He did not come, however, of a line of farmers. His grandfather had been engaged in the West India trade. His father had prospered in business in New York as a grocer, and had retired to the Newburgh farm for the benefit of his health. But he again removed his family to New York city while George was still an infant, and in 1829, his health again requiring attention, he removed to Newark, and it was in Newark that the painter's boyhood was passed. George was sent to

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the Academy, but when he was thirteen his teacher reported that he would not "take education"; and thereupon his father opened a grocery in Newark, and put the lad in it as a shop boy, but this experiment also was a failure. There is no further record that the elder Mr. Inness tried to make his son conform to what he himself regarded as the ways of usefulness and respectability. On the contrary, he tried to further him in his ambition. Newark possessed at least one drawing-master, a Mr. Barker, who dabbled also in color, and the boy was given into his charge, and the bright hope of a mercantile career was finally abandoned. At this time George could not have been more than sixteen, for he remained a pupil of Mr. Barker until the latter himself announced that the boy had learned all that Barker had to teach, and the family returned again to New York in 1843, when the art-student was eighteen. His elder brother James was established in Pottsville, Pa., as a schoolmaster, and George went to spend with him the summer of 1844, painting furiously at what his eyes found to paint while the daylight lasted, and conversing with equal ardor after nightfall, as became his life-long wont. The studies were as crude and as niggling as might be expected, but it is significant that even then he should have confided to his brother that his grievous trouble was to represent "the action of the clouds,"—a problem which probably did not vex any of his contemporaries; and equally significant that he should have thrown down his brushes in despair, exclaiming: "Oh, if I could only get that down without paint."

It was about this time that George took refuge in the asylum of almost all American youths of that time of an incorrigibly artistic bent—an engraver's shop. Engraving was at least a trade that gave promise of a livelihood, had at least a recognized name to go by, and so was on a much more respectable footing than mere "mooning about." Inness learned the trade, like Durand before him, like Kensett, like Casilear, like others his coevals, and actually executed some engravings. It was not aversion—at least not wholly aversion—that led him to abandon it, but an alarming break-down in his health, which had never been robust and now succumbed to frequent attacks of epilepsy. Meanwhile his father had married again and moved back to New York, and the young artist lived at home, and satiated in the domestic circle his appetite for theological controversy. His mother had been a zealous Methodist, his step-mother was an equally zealous Baptist, and her brother was an ardent and prosely-

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tizing Universalist. There was in this conjunction ample fuel for the disputation in which he liked to relax his mind after the day's work was done. The day's work in those years was painting in the studio of Régis Gignoux, perhaps the best-instructed landscape-painter in this country at that time, a graduate of the schools of Paris, whose pictures may still be seen in many of the older-fashioned American collections.

It is not easy to perceive that Inness owed anything to him but those rudiments of painting that were then common property in France and mysteries in America. The earliest Inness that I have seen is of the year 1847. It would not be noticeable, naturally, except for his subsequent success, but when one is led by that to take notice of it, he cannot fail to see that the unskilful attempt is the attempt to represent action—the action of clouds, the action of waves—in an otherwise conventional composition. This was as far as possible from the aim of most of the American painters at that time. The influence of Thomas Cole was still paramount. The "Course of Empire" and the "Voyage of Life" were recent, and, though Cole himself was an Englishman, were among the boasts of the country. Inness must have been familiar with them very early, since the series of the "Voyage of Life" was finished when he was twelve years old, but they do not seem to have impressed him as they impressed his contemporaries and gave direction to the "Hudson River school." The most obvious of the tendencies which Cole impressed upon American landscape-painting was to the production of panoramas, and more generally to what has been scornfully called "view-hunting." The art of Mr. Church, the only one of the living whom I allow myself to name, is obviously panoramic, and Mr. Church, who was indeed for two years a pupil of Cole, is the most faithful as well as the most distinguished continuator of the Cole tradition. But indeed one has only to visit any American collection assembled before 1869 to see the prevalence of the panoramic landscape and the universality of "view-hunting." Neither can one help seeing the influence of the engraver's way of looking at things in the way of the engravers turned painters and producers of tinted engravings. The "school," indeed, exerted an effective pressure to produce panoramas upon men who were by no means panoramically inclined. Mr. Kensett, for example, who, though an engraver, was not a representative of the Hudson River school, since he studied painting in England and exhibited at the Royal Academy before he exhibited

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at the National Academy, found it necessary in New York to do "important works," in which we look in vain for the real Kensett, whom we still find with gladness in the idyllic "bits," touched with the—

> —"melancholy grace
> Brought from a pensive though a happy place."

But the idyls had as little as the panoramas to teach the painter who at nineteen had been baffled by the "action" in nature. It was in his definition of a picture always, both in theory and practice, that it should comprehend only what could be seen all at once; and this definition of itself almost excludes the panorama. I know scarcely another "view," in the sense of the tourist or the older American painter, among all his works, than the "Delaware Valley" (1863) in Mr. Clarke's collection; and this picture is saved from being a panorama not only by the moderate dimensions of the canvas, but by the unification of the picture through "tone," so that it becomes "possible"—to use the artist's own phrase—"to unity of vision," and thus falls within his own definition of a picture. And as his subjects were restricted in space to what could be seen all at once, so they were restricted in time. The fact he thought best worth representing, that for fifty years, with increasing and at last with astonishing success, he struggled to convey in pigment, was, that the aspect of nature which he strove to fix was evanescent and momentary, and that it was its very transiency and elusiveness that to him gave its most appealing charm. It was a different thing that he was trying to do, and a more difficult than was aimed at by the painters for whose "important works" it seemed that nature might have been giving day-long sittings for a fortnight. The bursting dawn as it broke, the fading twilight as it waned, the clouds that chased each other in the air or their shadows over the hillsides or the meadows, the "change of glare and gloom," the movement of nature, was Inness's subject from first to last, though it was not till long after the first that his skill sufficed to make his intention clear, and not till toward the last that he could really fulfil his intentions, and then never so as to satisfy himself. As was inevitable with his intense and impetuous temper, he passed by turns from elation to despair. He said once: "My love for art is killing me, but it is what keeps me alive: it is my blessing and my curse." Just before he sailed on the voyage from which he was not destined

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to return, he was at his nadir, and he expressed the depth of his despondency by the declaration—perfectly sincere, but perfectly incredible—that he would never take a brush in hand again. So wide to the artist is the difference between his vision and his realization of it.

While still under his father's roof, or at least while still dependent upon his father, he had married, but he lost his wife while she was still his bride. In 1850 he married the lady who is now his widow. The marriage was very probably a reckless performance, from the point of view of worldly prudence, in which the painter was always the least capable of men. But he had by that time attracted some believers in his art, among them Mr. Ogden Haggerty, then a very well known and prosperous auctioneer in New York, whose admiration for the painter and belief in him led him to constitute himself his patron, and to assume the responsibility of disposing of his product, a responsibility that the painter at any period readily devolved upon whoever chose to assume it. There never was an artist more absorbed in his art and less careful of its pecuniary results. It was through the good offices of Mr. Haggerty that he was enabled to make, in 1851, his first visit to Europe, and was introduced for the first time to the world of art. The next two years were spent in Italy, and in 1854 he went abroad again, this time to Paris. It was upon this visit, doubtless, that he really came to know the works of the French landscape-painters of Fontainebleau, and the study was of great help to him and of great influence upon him. The vogue of the leaders of the school was just firmly established. Rousseau had won the cross of the Legion of Honor—which in France denotes such an establishment—in 1852; Diaz in 1851; Corot a few years earlier. Here the open-eyed American saw how what he was trying to do under every disadvantage of solitude and remoteness had been done by men who had every advantage of tradition and co-operation. He saw examples of "tone," of the harmonious relation of colors, he saw what "values" were, the force of objects represented in their relation to each other. He found that a truer, deeper, and more impressive representation of nature than he had known before was possible. He learned the lesson that the Fontainebleau painters had to teach, not by way of imitation, which was absolutely impossible to him at any time, but by analysis. He was learning to write his own hand. To make his own what he found in French art was not a short task for the American painter.

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There is an Inness even of 1855, which shows little of the solidity and vitality of the Fontainebleau painting or of his own later work, and which betrays the result of the artist's "wander-years" only in a more completely harmonious tonality than he could have then have acquired or seen at home.

Upon his return from Europe, or not long after, the painter took up his residence in a suburb of Brooklyn, and opened a studio in New York; and the duties of his manager and man-of-business were assumed for a time by his brother Joseph. Among those who believed in his pictures and bought them in those years were Simeon Draper, Henry Ward Beecher, George Ward Nicholls, George M. Vanderlip, Fletcher Harper, Jr., J. Abner Harper, and his friend and fellow-artist, Samuel Colman. But in spite of these and other believers those were evil days for the painter. It was in those days that a sudden call for money would produce an irruption of Inness into some hospitable studio or parlor, with a picture under his arm to be pledged for a fraction of its value, or to be bought on the buyer's own terms. After five years of zealous experimentation in his art, disturbed by the "cares of bread," he determined upon a flight to Boston, where, as has happened to other artistic Nazarenes of New York whom their townsmen found too peculiar, he was in more honor than in his own country. Williams & Everett, of Boston, who also had a branch in New York, were the chief buyers of Inness among the dealers, and among the principal buyers of Innesses for the love of them were Messrs. Harrison E. Maynard, Edward Maynard, and Thomas Wigglesworth of Boston. So in 1859 the family was established in Medfield, eighteen miles from Boston, and in Medfield the head of it lived and painted till 1864. It was there that the news came of the outbreak of the war, which excited more enthusiasm in no Northern State than in Massachusetts, nor in any inhabitant of Massachusetts than in the landscape-painter of Medfield. Mr. Inness may be said to have lived in a chronic condition of excitement, but he was, perhaps, never more excited than when the news of the firing upon Sumter reached the village, for he was not only a fervent American but an Abolitionist from his youth up. He declared that Medfield must raise a company, and that to raise a company it was necessary to indemnify by bounties the families of the volunteers. He went straightway into Boston, collected from his agents every dollar they would advance upon his pictures in their possession, offered the proceeds to the bounty fund, insisted

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that a platform should be erected from which he might address his fellow-citizens, and addressed them accordingly, calling upon the "men of valor and men of muscle" to volunteer. He himself volunteered, but was balked by the medical examination. He insisted that the spectacles he was never seen without were not really necessary to him, but when the examiner, who had been handling plough-boys all day, gave the artist a vigorous blow upon the chest to test his lungs, the volunteer fainted dead away, and the company he had done so much to raise marched away to the war without him.

In 1864, at the suggestion of Marcus Spring, a friend and patron, the painter again returned to New York, living in Eaglewood, N. J., until 1867, when he removed to Brooklyn. In 1870 he sailed once more for Europe, for the longest of his sojourns, which lasted until 1876, when he returned to Boston and the next year to New York, in which, or in the environs of which, he thenceforward resided. His pecuniary troubles were not over. The old-fashioned American collector, in so far as he was not extinct, looked askance at the novel and questionable style of Inness, while the buyer of French landscapes demanded French names to them. Meanwhile the painter, with untiring industry and ever-increasing facility, was producing landscapes which wandering artistic Frenchmen gladly recognized as worthy to be ranked with the noblest contemporary work of Europe.

It was the suave and harmonious "Golden Sunset," painted in 1865 and shown at the Paris exhibition of 1867,—now in Mr. Clarke's collection,—that first drew European attention to the American painter. It was the spectral and yet real "Winter Morning at Montclair," painted in 1882, in the same collection, that attracted the admiration of M. Benjamin Constant,—an admiration so strengthened by his inspection of other works of the artist that he induced Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Company to arrange to have a collection of the artist's work consigned to Paris for sale. Mr. Inness was freed from pecuniary care only during the last decade of his life, and the enfranchisement began with the purchase by the late Roswell Smith of the large "Niagara" for $5,000. It was this that determined his removal to Montclair, and after that time the painter was free to pursue his art in his own way. He had grown up to a far freer and more complete expression of his impressions of nature than he had attained before, and his public had grown up to an appreciation of his art. He was especially fortunate in these latter years in devolving the mercantile responsibilities of his art upon Mr. Thomas B.

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Clarke, who was induced to undertake them by his own hearty admiration of and belief in the painter whose pictures he had been buying for many years for love of them, and whose labors in Inness's behalf were also largely of love. The result of them was that for the last few years the artist attained the enviable state of being able to dispose of whatever canvases he offered at studio prices, while the purchaser had the comfortable assurance that the auction price would not be less than the studio price. One purchaser who paid $400 for an Inness sold it at auction within a few months for $1,600. "The Grove of Oaks," for which the painter received $200, was sold again for $1,500; and a picture was bought for $200, for which the buyer afterward refused an offer of $2,500 from Mr. Seney. In the later years the studio price of an Inness, 30 inches by 45, his most frequent canvas, was $2,000, and the price at auction was some hundreds higher. The painter had, through the long years of obstructed expression and of uninterrupted striving, attained a surprising fluency and facility of brushwork, and his mind always teemed with subjects. So one does not greatly marvel to be told that his income in these latter years was larger than that of any living landscape-painter. At all events, he was put finally out of reach of the "cares of bread."

Among the chief buyers of the later Innesses were Mr. George I. Seney, Mr. R. H. Halsted, Mr. William H. Fuller, Mr. H. Dalley, Jr., Mr. Benjamin Altman, and Dr. Ferdinand of New York, Mr. James W. Ellsworth and Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago. But there is scarcely a town in the United States where there are collectors of pictures where there is not now an example of Inness to be seen and studied. Mr. Clarke's collection, which is easily the most complete and most representative, numbers twenty-five, and includes the "Winter Morning," the "Gray Lowery Day," the "Nine o'Clock," and covers the period from 1863 (the "Delaware Valley") to 1894 ("After a Summer Shower," the last completely finished Inness). Mr. Halsted has eighteen, from the serene and almost "classical" "Valley of the Olive Trees" (1867), to the magnificently free and vital "Tenafly Oaks" (1893). Mr. Ellsworth has twelve, Mr. Palmer has nine, Mr. Altman has eight, Mr. Dalley has eight, the estate of Roswell Smith has six, Mr. Wigglesworth has six. The Metropolitan Museum has four, of which but one is in the fullest sense representative. There is one in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, one in the gallery of the Long Island Historical Society ("The Old

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Roadway," given by Mr. Seney), and one in the Boston Museum. Perhaps 250 canvases of all dates, sizes, and kinds remain to the painter's estate.

Considering his incessant industry, and, in his maturity, his great facility, even this goodly number seems small. It would have been larger but for a habit that arose from one of his most characteristic traits. That trait was an intense preoccupation with what concerned him at the moment, amounting to a conviction that it was the only thing in the world worth doing or thinking about. The resultant habit was the habit of trying to express this upon whatever material happened to be at hand. If there was nothing else available than one of his own most valuable pictures, so much the worse for the picture. He must even wreak his present inspiration upon that. It is said to be literally true that one of the remaining canvases contains twenty-five separate and superimposed pictures. There is another that was begun as a "Morning Hunting Scene," and that in its final phase was a "Summer Afternoon." In most cases the later pictures were developments from the earlier. A new notion of the treatment of some particular "passage" led to a reconstruction of the whole. So long as a picture remained in the studio it was not finished to the painter's mind nor safe from his hand. At any time he might take a fresh dash at it and render it unrecognizable. So well was this habit understood among the habitual buyers of Innesses, that they would lie in wait for the "state" in which a canvas satisfied them, and artfully convey it out of the reach of the painter's study of perfection. Sometimes, however, the new picture bore no relation whatever to the old. His son-in-law and studio-companion relates that one morning in the winter of 1882, Mr. Inness, departing on a visit to Montclair, and foreseeing that he could not help painting, seized a canvas upon which a striking and promising composition was already "laid in." To the remonstrances of his friend that it would be a pity to efface this, and that it would take but a few minutes to procure a fresh canvas, he turned an inattentive ear and sallied forth with the canvas upon which now appears the "Winter Morning at Montclair."

This intense absorption in the matter in hand, and this exclusion of all other things from consideration, were of the utmost value to the painter as a painter, and so to us, his public; but even in his art they prevented him from being a teacher except by example, or even a counsellor. "I can get no good of Inness," a younger painter

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once exclaimed, who had asked his advice; "he does not help me to paint my picture; he insists upon my painting his." The concentration that is admirable and enviable in an artist is the negation of the notion of a man of the world. In his case it amounted to an incapability to conceive that there could be any other point of view than his own of the moment. The tact, the light transition, the give-and-take of conversation, were impossible to the strenuous Inness, who was as much "possessed" when he talked as when he painted. Conversation, in the proper sense, was almost out of the question with him. He either sat silent or he harangued. When he talked about art, he was always suggestive and interesting; but art was not his favorite topic, and a remark, or a few remarks, prefatory to his real topic, were all that could be had from him. One writer did, indeed, extract from him a clear and tolerably systematic confession of his artistic faith, and published it in "Harper's Magazine" for February, 1878. But one suspects that the interpreter must have been very patient as well as very faithful and sympathetic, and have gone through many sittings to cull the detached remarks about painting to which he has given consecutiveness and unity. The paper is extremely well worth reading, both for the express explanation of the painter's own artistic standard, and for the implicit reference to that standard in his criticisms upon other painters. Here is the express explanation:

> What the painter tries to do is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion, if the work have unity, as every such work should have, and the true beauty of the work consists in the beauty of the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Details in the picture must be elaborated only fully enough to reproduce the impression that the artist wishes to reproduce. When more than this is done, the impression is weakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things, which may be very cleverly painted and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of the artist is to combine the two, to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression. . . . Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of communicating human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant.

The specific and laudatory criticisms of his favorite French painters that follow are in line with this definition. Delacroix was the master whom Inness most of all admired, and it is possibly signifi-

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cant that the picture of Delacroix that he selected for praise in the paper just quoted from, and that he never tired of praising, should have been an allegory—"The Triumph of Apollo," from a ceiling in the Louvre. One who knew him only by his talk might have expected him to deal largely in allegory in his own work, so symbolical and mystical did his talk represent everything in Nature. But in fact, while his pictures were suffused with his personal sentiment, there is in them very little of express allegory, save in a few titles, such as "The New Jerusalem," a battlement of sun-gilded clouds upon the horizon, or the sombre "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which was reproduced, with Walt Whitman's verses upon it, in "Harper's Magazine," two or three years ago.

It seemed that his talk was the safety-valve of the freaks and fantasies of the man, and enabled him to preserve the sanity and balance of his art. It was astonishing talk at all times when he gave himself full swing. Brought up in an atmosphere of polemics, the dogmatic and supernatural sides of religion had taken a great hold upon him. In his early manhood he had joined the Baptist Church. In riper years he became a very friendly investigator of "Spiritualism" expressly so called. His resort to Swedenborg was perhaps due to his association with William Page, the painter, mildest and most winning of the lay expositors of the "Arcana Cœlestia." Whatever led him to the Swedish mystic, Mr. Inness came to revel in him, and, when he was in good spirits, to administer bad quarters of an hour to those who did not revel. At such seasons he was, in sooth, as Garrick's brother said of Johnson, "a tremendous companion."

He easily united with his adherence to Swedenborg an unquestioning credence of the grosser "manifestations" of the mediums. Naturally the assumption that supernatural visitations were as credible as the police-court news was "unto the Greeks foolishness." I happened to be the third when Inness encountered one Greek, who had himself rather a turn and talent for monologue. But he was straightway overborne by the painter, who was excited by a recent "manifestation" that he had witnessed or read of, and was presently in full Swedenborgian swing. My friend opposed to the torrent a countenance of calm but obvious incredulity, without the least effect, and at last walked to the book-shelf, and took down a volume in which he immersed himself. But he was not to be let off so. The rapt declaimer turned upon him at a crisis of the discourse with an explosive "Don't you think so, Mr. ——?" "Mr. Inness," returned

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the Greek, with extreme tranquillity and deliberation, "I think nothing about it except that the whole subject wearies me inexpressibly."

There is another story that is too characteristic not to be told. The painter had been spending one of his latest summers in New Brunswick, and had met there a well-known Canadian, who, as he halted in Montreal on his way home, bade him to a dinner-party given in honor of some distinguished Australians—a very distinguished publicist among them—who were about to cross the continent. As is known, the "single tax" excites much interest and discussion in Australia, and Inness had become an ardent Georgeite. The talk at dinner turned upon the tax, and the Australian view was expounded at length by the distinguished publicist. Inness sat quite silent, his burning black eyes, under his black and shaggy "fell of hair," fixed upon the speaker, who talked the more complacently in the consciousness of so appreciative a listener. Hardly had the door been closed after the ladies, however, when from the silent corner the appreciative listener's forefinger shot out at the chief speaker, as it had been a highwayman's pistol, with "Did you mean what you said?"—and then followed an oration in the course of which it is averred that the orator stood upon every one of the vacated chairs. The party in the drawing-room were startled at last by the sudden irruption of the sitters, those large antipodean men huddled like their native sheep, and bearing in their faces evidences of alarm, while behind them, rounding them up like an active collie, came the small nervous American, still declaiming.

But it was not in hard painting and hard talking alone that the artist expounded his wonderful energy. He wrote voluminously, especially in his later years, theological and spiritualistic rhapsodies and mysteries in prose and in verse not much less formless, and he has left masses of manuscript. But he had not undergone in this the discipline to which he had subjected himself in his own art. His meaning, we must believe, was clear to himself, but he had not learned how to make it clear to others. In spite of an occasional striking thought, the prose is incoherent and unreadable, and the verse is not more important, in comparison with the author's real work, than the unpublished "Fallacies of Hope" from which Turner extracted mottoes for his pictures compared with the pictures themselves. But as an additional proof of its author's exuberant and inexhaustible vitality the results of his literary labor form a remarkable document, and increase the wonder that a bodily machine originally

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so frail should have lasted, at such a tremendous pressure, for all but seventy years.

This same vitality, it seems to me, is the dominant note in his art. This may be divided, as with most individual painters who live to old age, into three periods. The first—the apprenticeship—was, in Inness's case, unusually long and toilsome, from the unfavorableness of his surroundings. It took him ten years or more to find his handwriting, which the American art-student of to-day, with his immeasurably better facilities, can acquire in less than half that time, unless it happen to him to acquire his teacher's. In his middle career he subordinated all things to unity of impression, and became a master of "tone." As he grew riper in mind and more skilful of hand, he attempted to gain more variety and truth of color, more "objective force," as he puts it, without losing unity, and this was the attempt that, with varying success, engrossed the last decade and more of his life. So confident was he that tone and resplendence could be united that he proposed in his last years to paint landscape with the three primary colors alone. But evidently this was but "theory playing its usual trick upon the artist," and a wise instinct held him back from the actual attempt. That his work should be unequal was quite inevitable. But the vitality that was the note of the successes was hardly less marked in the failures, and the successes were very great indeed. In a country in which any other than the literary form of artistic expression was popularly understood or even recognized, they would have made the painter's work one of the national possessions. The high seriousness with which he took his art is attested by two striking facts. In all the mass of his work it is impossible to point to a "pot-boiler," on the one hand, or to a conscious *tour de force* on the other. It is within bounds, I think, to say that he thoroughly believed in every one of his pictures while he was painting it, and equally within bounds to say that he painted nothing to exhibit his technique, even when his technique was at its best and ripest. The idea possessed him; the execution needed to be merely adequate. That an artistic life so full, so devoted, and so successful can be lived in America ought to go far toward reconciling American artists to their discouragements.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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THE EASTERN WAR, AND AFTER: A MILITARY STUDY.

"Don't never prophesy onless you know."

THE Mongols cover a larger part of the area of the globe than any other race; they make up nearly half its population. It is well for Europe that the predominant trait of the Turanian is inertia; if the Chinese had the colonizing instinct which many centuries ago drove the Aryans outward from their Asian plateau, there would to-day be nothing left of our civilization, even had they afforded our ancestors the leisure to create one. The "backbone of the earth," as the range on the west of their habitat has well been called, could scarcely have arrested their migration. But they are, as a rule, a stolid set of men, fatalists by religion, satisfied with their little present, or, if not satisfied, making no effort to improve it. There is perhaps nothing which shows the inertness of the Mongol more than the fact that the sampan population of Canton, with its two millions of people, numbers over two hundred thousand souls. A sampan is a "slipper" boat plying for hire, owned by and housing a family whose members pass their entire lives therein, no more thinking of leaving their floating home than a serf tied to the soil dreams of quitting his lord's land. If you hire a sampan, you get aboard with the whole family, and while you cross the harbor may be actual witness to a birth, a marriage, or a death. How long would a European Aryan thus live?

One of the surprises encountered by the traveller when he is first cast among Mongolians is their physical development. Americans are wont to judge their bodily structure by the specimens in the laundry-shops of Sam Lee or Wi Ping; and the loose clothing of the Chinaman conceals his brawny arms and legs when he has them. Seeing Thibetans in the Himalayas—stocky chunks of men with an abnormal muscular development—had not brushed away my idea that the Chinaman was rather a slim, unmuscular Oriental, something like the willowy Hindu; but when I landed in Singapore and first saw numbers of coolies stripped to their work, I was thunderstruck at their massive proportions. The Chinese are commonly said to be a dis-

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eased race, a people permeated with blood-poisons: but one does not see it in the average specimen, and one does see at every street corner men with limbs and torsos like a Sandow, men who would be marked down for football-players in any American college. Not but what disease is always an accompaniment of so crowded a population; not that its manifestations fail to impress you: but the Chinaman, far from being a taper-fingered mortal, is a tough, sturdy, fine fellow, with thews and sinews like an athlete, and plenty of ambition and courage—within his racial lines. Nor have I found any exception to the rule. The Mongol, from the borders of India, where, going east, you first strike his homely coarseness, to the confines of Japan, where you say good-by to his lovely cherry-blossoms and his smiling bows, is everywhere, in physique, the same strong, enduring man. The Chinaman is filthy in mind, body, and estate; the Japanese is equally clean; but in mere physical quality they are very much alike. That the Mongol's nervous structure is less fine than the Aryan's is evidenced by the fact that the average Chinaman will endure unblenched the pain of a surgical operation which would seriously compromise the reactionary power of most white men; and this, if anything, adds to his value as a mere human animal.

But there be Mongols and Mongols; and perhaps no two European Aryan nations are quite so dissimilar in their traits and tendencies as are the inhabitants of the mainland of eastern Asia and those of the adjacent islands of Japan. The lapse of generations since the continental dwellers put over to the islands is one reason for the difference. It does not take many generations to work a climatic change in races,—look at the spare, quick, nervous Yankee, who in eight generations has been transformed from the beefy, easy-going Briton,—and all isle-dwellers are apt to develop a peculiar type. Religion is another reason; and while Shinto is not Christianity, it has produced a people with more qualities approaching those which are undoctrinally taught by the New Testament than can be found within what we are wont to entitle Christian lands. If honest helpfulness, unending amiability, loyalty to the powers that be, filial piety in its highest expression, law-abiding steadiness, and a keen sense of honor be not fair equivalents of Christian virtues, where shall we find them?

The history of the Japanese testifies to abundant courage; their internal wars have been long and bloody. It is hard to reconcile this quality, which is the usual comrade of the grosser virtues, with their hyper-artistic sense. That the Japanese, as a people, lead the world

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in their feeling for the beautiful, seems now to be an accepted fact; and it must be confessed that there springs from this temperament that lack of practical directness which always characterizes the true æsthete. The business instinct is quite apart from the artistic; and the Japanese, when he promises you a thing for to-morrow, fully meaning at the moment to deliver it as agreed, may actually put you in possession of your property at some time between now and Christmas, or he may not. Now the Chinaman will do as he agrees; not that he has half the good intention or kindly feeling toward an outer barbarian which the other possesses; but he has found that honesty is practically the best policy, and he always pays his note when due. So well recognized is this difference that the cashier of every large commercial house in the treaty ports of Japan wears a pigtail. Business is business with the Chinaman—always; with the Japanese it is not so—if the chrysanthemums be in bloom.

One cannot expect all the cardinal virtues in one man; nor do you get them in the Japanese. He is far behind his distant cousin of China in all which makes for orderliness; but the latter can in no sense be compared to him in those qualities which make life worth living. The "Jap" has the "*mañana*" of the Spaniard, or the "*pacienza*" of the Brazilian, always on his lips; time is as nothing to him, and he will arrest the chariot of state to pen (or rather paint) a poem on a piece of rice-paper and hang it on a flowering plum-tree.

This long initial digression is not wasted if it conveys to those who do not know them the idea of the divergent characters, aims, and habits of the two nations who are now fighting in the Corea: the idea of the fatalistic but utilitarian Chinaman; the idea of the æsthetic, unmethodical Japanese. And the wonder of it all is that the latter, despite his tendency to carelessness, has adopted and is fast assimilating our practical Western civilization, while the former, with all his sharp-cut tendencies, still adheres to his Eastern ignorance; the one has got arms of precision and an able navy, while the latter, barring a small modern equipment, is still in the era of junks and stink-pots.

Now it is rather odd that the Chinese have not further adopted European inventions. To be sure, they have (or had) a few ironclads; but they are by no means as well equipped as the Japanese, with a tenth of their population. They have (or had) a few brigades of troops drilled according to the modern method; but only a fraction of the aggregate of their little enemy. Whether it be their

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bureaucratic structure of government which makes changes hard to introduce, or those peculiar racial characteristics the sum of which is utter passiveness, it is hard to say. One might guess that a nation where a man condemned to be beheaded can buy a substitute for a few pieces of silver, and thus satisfy an easy criminal code and his own convenience, had scarcely arrived at the perceptivity of electric search-lights and melinite shells. But this does not satisfy the inquiry; and one is at a loss to explain to himself the true inwardness of what one might call Chinese astigmatism in viewing the value of our modern devices. The larger the body, the more slowly, proportionately, will it move. The greyhound is more active than the bullock. Is it the volume of China, the impossibility of penetrating the whole mass with any one idea except conservatism, which keeps her so backward? It is only on the coast that there are any European ideas to-day; and what all China possesses of our modern machines and methods would scarcely equip a nation of ten million souls.

With Japan it is just the reverse; and while islanders are more get-at-able than continentals, it is little short of a miracle what she has accomplished since Perry rapped at her front door only so far back as 1854. It is hard to state the utter dissemblance between the Japanese and ourselves. Some one has truly observed that when you speak French or German you are only speaking English by using a new set of words. "How many people are there in the hotel?" would be almost word for word the same in any of our Aryan tongues. But when you have to say, "Honorable guests under roof how many as to?" it argues a new form of thought, not language. And from what is to us an abnormal form of thought as well as life, the Japanese had to start in order to adopt our modern civilization. They have swallowed our inventions with wholesale gluttony; but their digestion is good, and they have assimilated them. Every centre in Europe and America is full of Japanese students of our arts and manufactures. Among the best customers of our trading-marts are the merchants of their treaty ports. All who were familiar with what Japan has been doing knew how it would be; but she has fairly startled the world by the speed and splendor of her mobilization and the sharp and effective directness of the offensive movement to, in, and about Corea. How is it that a nation confessedly unbusiness-like, which adjourns from work at regular short intervals to play under the flowering trees, which twists a wistaria into a valid excuse

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for a popular holiday, has been able to make strides in civilization involving such exceptional stewardship, such unswerving directness, and such unremitting labor? The answer to this lies in the fact that Japan possesses its share of able men, and, above all, a dutiful people.

At the head of old Japan were the daimios, or nobles; beneath them the samurai, or gentry; and to the wants and wealth of these the heimin, or peasants,—nine-tenths of the population,—contributed all their toil and gain save only a bare subsistence. Though Japan now possesses that portfolio of civilization, a written constitution, the demarcation between the two upper classes, which have much intermingled, still remains.

The Japanese have no decalogue; their commandments are but two: Obey the Mikado; Love and obey your parents,—having done which they may follow their own sweet wills within the pale of the law, for nothing is wrong which does not inflict hardship on others. Simple as is this rule of life, it has, in Japan at least, shown its ability to produce a people happy and happy-making; a fair proof that too many laws tend to confusion. The second commandment, inculcating filial piety, is carried out in its broadest sense; the first is observed blindly; but in old Japan the orders of the Mikado trickled down to the commoner through several mouths, and they were wont to reach him as construed by his immediate lord. While to the European who only sees the railroad-opened cities, old Japan is a thing of the past, it suffices to go a day's 'ricksha journey from the tourist track to discover that modern Japan is confined mostly to the governing class of the capital and to their immediate surroundings. Where the Japanese has cut his hair *à la brosse*, and wears a derby and a "boiled rag," he is, or is trying to be, Europeanized; when you get to regions where the paint-brush queue points at you from the top of his poll, and he wears a kimono and walks home from his bath *in puris naturalibus*, there is old Japan still resident. And the time-honored motto of old Japan is unquestioning obedience.

Japan is a bigger country than we imagine. In area and in population it equals Great Britain and Ireland; and its strength lies in the absolute subservience of the people to one man's will, or to that of one small set of men,—the Mikado and his ministers. However much we may hear of the efforts of Japan to make a representative government, or however pertinently she may show, as in this war, that she has adopted European methods, the people will for

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many generations remain the patient, law-abiding, duteous folk of yore. And so long as this exists, and the peasant retains his hardy courage and exceptional power of endurance, Japan will be able to deal a blow out of all proportion to her weight.

The Japanese is brought up to work, to bear burdens, to be patient under exhausting toil, to live on little, and to keep his temper. This latter has been so long inculcated, that babies never cry. If a child tumbles and hurts itself, every one laughs, and it is surprised into laughing too. The six-year-old boy carries his six-month-old sister; the ten-year-old girl works with her two-year-old brother strapped to her back, to keep him out of mischief. Add to this the fact that the peasant is healthy and sound, and what can better produce an infantry able to march to the end of the world? He is plain, your Japanese, but the stuff is there.

The tone of the Japanese people is artistic, but the man of action in Japan possesses strength, intellectual and moral. A land where strong men too much abound may be torn by faction; this has not happened in new Japan, though in olden days the history was made up of the quarrels of rival shoguns. Since 1854 her course has been moulded by few men, but able ones.

Japan proudly dates her autonomy back beyond the Christian era. Tenshi-Sama, God of Heaven, whom we call Mikado, is the fountain of all authority, but centuries ago he was compelled to delegate this to a "ring" of his powerful subjects, known as shoguns. The last family of shoguns, the Tokugawas, reigned two hundred and fifty years, and up to 1868 the Mikado was a sort of Pope, infallible, but confined to a species of Vatican. In 1868 the Satsuma and Choshu clans rose against the Tokugawas and wrested their power from them; since when the "Sat-Chos" have been absolute rulers; and it is they who have built up the new Japan. Count Ito, who represents the progressive idea, but who does not wish the power to pass from the Sat-Cho ring; Count Itagaki, the head of the radicals; Count Okuma, leader of the Liberal party, which would make the government responsible to Parliament; and many others,—are truly able men; and they will lay aside their political disputes to work success out of their present complications.

A twofold ambition inspires Japan: to make herself a first-rate Power in the eyes of Europe, as by her native wealth, her territorial extent, and her population she may properly aspire to become if she adopts our ways; and as a sequence, by placing herself in the sister-

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hood of nations, to demand the revision of her treaties, especially that part which claims ex-territoriality, or the right of Europeans to be tried by Europeans for acts committed on Japanese soil. Her war in Corea is inspired perhaps as much by a Jingo desire to make a mark, and thereby prove her claim to equality in the European economy, as by any feeling of having been imposed upon by China. She intends to be ranked no longer as an effete Mongol, and is fast proving her case. It may be seriously questioned whether Japan has taken a wise step in entering upon this Corean war; but, being in it, what are her chances of eventual success?

About China I know little. Who does know much? There is no new China; the proverbial hills are no older nor more inert. Though she has an immense territory, a dense, immeasurable population, and a species of negative force, the events of the past generation show that, despite the adoption of a few European methods, she has so slowly assimilated what she has taken, that she has been forced to yield to the successive demands of several of the Powers, though backed up by a naval and military display no less than grotesque when viewed from the light of armaments destined for the European theatre of war. The true cause of this supineness I cannot pretend to give; China is like a mammoth pachyderm; the blow from an elephant-hook which would kill a horse, merely makes the monster flap his ears; and it seems as if the body of China was not homogeneously sentient,—as if the nervous system of the mass was so subdivided that a lesion to one part did not reach the nervous centre of the whole structure. Nothing that China has done of late years demonstrates her capacity to act as one body. Her crew does not pull together, however bulky each oarsman. Granted the strength, the prowess of the Chinaman. That he can face death with stolid indifference is true. But that is not the desideratum of modern war, and, once demoralized, the Chinaman decamps. In no age has immobility won against activity. The Persian hosts could not resist the handful of Macedonian sarissas, or the passionate charges of Alexander's few Companions. Tilly's dense Spanish battalions were broken by the three-deep Swedes of Gustavus. Heavily manned works have been easiest taken by thin and active lines of skirmishers pushed on in quick succession. Assuming China to rise in her might and to deliver a blow at Japan with a directness in any sense comparable to her weight, the result could not be doubtful. But she has never done this; can she do it now? I see nothing to make me be-

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lieve that she can or will. The European equipment is no greater than Japan's, and it has been, in the initial engagements on land and water, smashed by the intelligent violence of the Japanese. To be sure, Corea is an easy battle-ground for Japan; but her landings have been admirably made, and while her division of forces at Ping Yang was not quite defensible, it succeeded,—and that is better. And at the Yalu fight, despite Admiral Ting's bravery, and the fact that he had two battle-ships and almost as great tonnage and average speed of vessel, he was bested by Admiral Ito by initiative and skilful energy.

The Corean war, so far, is rather interesting than great. In the absence of grave contests elsewhere, it looms up into undue prominence. Much talk was devoted to Big Bethel, when some of the battles around Petersburg—a score of times more deadly—were barely noticed. By no means to underrate Count Yamagata and his gallant divisions, the Ping Yang battle was no huge affair, except in its results. How it can be compared to Sadowa, as I have seen done, it is hard to say; for though battles are not properly measurable by numbers or losses, these have a certain bearing on the subject which may not be overlooked. Many a brigade has fought to a standstill with a loss out of all proportion; but you would not liken its struggle to the Moskwa or Gettysburg. The Yalu battle was greater as being typical of a new naval method. I see that the experts are drawing conclusions from the latter, to the effect that to attack is the policy of the future. But this is no discovery; to attack has been the policy of all great soldiers from Cyrus down. No vast result has ever been accomplished by defensive strategy or tactics. The trend of events sometimes dictates a defensive policy. Circumstances may bring results to a man who waits, but it is not he who has won them. The Yalu fight has shown no more the desirability of attack than a hundred battles on land and sea for the past five-and-twenty centuries. It is of more interest to know how the attack was made, whether "all along the line," or on some one spot in the Chinese front; what was the percentage of hits; and what the actual effect of the fire was on each and all the ships. Perhaps its lesson is that many small and swift are better than few heavy and slower vessels,—shall we say cruiser instead of battle-ship?

There are two dangers to Japan. One lies in her overreaching herself in her over-eagerness for success. This is the graver. To learn when you have won enough is the hardest lesson of all. The

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other danger lies in foreign intervention. Who shall have Corea is a question which interests all the Powers,—England and Russia most. Like the Balkan peninsula, England feels that Russia must not have it; but Russia wants it none the less. May Japan play the part of Turkey and hold it so that neither the lion nor the bear shall prowl therein? These be questions of international policy which it behooves me not to answer—even if I could.

Another question is as to how far the Corean war may stimulate China to arm *à l'Européenne*, and how much danger such an act might threaten to Oriental, and, as a next step, to European peace? There lurks no danger in Japan. She has but forty million souls, and even if aggressive could do no harm. But China, the vast, the incalculable? This matter has already been partially answered by the above. Races are either migratory or they are not. Some races have been spasmodically migratory, as when led by some viking, thirsting for war and plunder; others have been consistently migratory, tempted by the colonizing instinct. China has never been either. The influx of Chinese on our Pacific slope has brought us scarcely a bubble of the froth on the surface of the population of that vast nation. And had the immigration of these dirty folk not been checked, while their advent might have produced a prejudicial effect on California, it would scarce have deluged America. Their migration hitherto has been individual, not national. Unless the Celestial changes the character he has possessed for generations untold, I should have no fear of his becoming inflated with the idea of conquest. His rôle is defence: "What we want is to be let alone!" China has able men, but they are not at the helm of state to-day. Their work does not dovetail, even when of the best. Li Hung Chang has not succeeded, because his hands were tied; nor is he the first able man to fail; and in any case the ability of the Chinese does not run on the lines of modern practice. Nor is China rich in the sense that she can spend millions on such armaments. Her recent expense-account, despite treasures said to be hoarded in Pekin and Moukden, had to be footed by robbery of the people; while Japan raised her loan threefold. There seems to be neither centralization, energy, nor antagonism in China sufficient to lead her to create a dangerously great army or navy. Moreover, these things mean years of preparation and outlay.

At the outbreak of hostilities Japan had on foot and ready for duty in the outland five divisions, what we should call army corps,

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or a total of one hundred thousand men; and at their head a general staff composed of officers mostly trained in Germany. The reserve and landwehr could not be included in the tale of forces to be sent on a rapid foreign expedition, but were more than equal to home defence. This hundred thousand men, thoroughly organized and equipped in modern style, and with an *esprit de corps* bred of thorough discipline, was well ahead of any army China could throw into Corea. At sea, Japan likewise felt stronger than the enemy, and, though this was more doubtful, has since proven herself to be so in personnel, manœuvring, and marksmanship. Moltke's motto, "March in separate columns; unite for battle," was evidently the Japanese scheme for operations in Corea; their divisions worked on several lines; and against the Chinese the plan culminated in success. Yet, in front of an active enemy, unless you know just where he is and are convinced that he cannot fall on you in detail, this motto may not be construed too broadly. From Ping Yang, for quite a period, an able captain might have seriously disturbed the Japanese concentric manœuvres. The latter relied on their speed; they were right; and it is a truism that an operation crowned by success shall not be criticised. Ping Yang was a Sedan on a rather small scale in all but results.

This ancient city is an important strategic point. At this very place, some three hundred years ago, China won from Japan the control of Corea. From here leads a road northward, substantially following the coast, which it strikes at Sin-Chin, and thence continues on to the Yalu river, a hundred and twenty miles from Ping Yang. From the further bank of the Yalu, a better road runs a hundred and seventy-five miles further to Moukden, capital of Manchuria, parent of the present Chinese dynasty, and the Mecca of the Chinese pilgrim. But these roads are poor at any season; in many places two carts cannot pass each other; the many rivers are bridgeless; and through the rice-growing districts they are at times so deep as to be impassable. Other Corean roads there are practically none. The rainy season in northern Corea is over in September, leaving a number of weeks for campaigning before the winter snows set in. The Japanese are stubborn marchers, and the distance to Moukden, apart from military or other obstacles or delays, might be made in little over three weeks. The invaders must, however, consider not only the advance, but the feeding of an army in Moukden; and this is a practicable thing by water, if the Japanese take Niu-Chwang and keep control of the sea.

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Manchuria, though its home of origin, is not without rebellious feelings toward the Chinese Imperial family, which, in its turn, has done little to conciliate the province. It was only so late as 1891 that the Manchurian rebels, who were projecting no less than a march on Pekin, were luckily stopped at Kin-chu-fu by the Chinese army. This antagonism is all in favor of the Japanese, and if they can take Moukden they will have struck a sufficient blow at China to warrant their claim to Corea.

Not only are soldiers gratified with the Japanese strategy, but the thoroughly civilized manner in which these Europeanized Asiatics have gone to work stands out in marked contrast to the mediæval methods of the Chinese, whose wrath at being beaten seems to have threatened the security of all foreigners within her borders. The effect of the moderation of Japan has been to commend her cause to the entire world.

It is quite within the possibilities that there may be intervention between China and Japan, on the part of the Powers, jealous lest any change in the strength or aim of either contestant may disturb the balance of power in the Orient, or, what is more to the point, the current of trade. Proposals to this effect are already afoot. Should intervention take such form that Japan must accept it, it would so far alter the conditions that the merely military situation would count for no more than a make-weight in the final forced settlement. Should the contestants be left alone, the probabilities run strongly in favor of the islanders. They will scarcely face the rugged and difficult territory between Ping Yang and Moukden with its severe winter climate. But Moukden is readily turned by a descent on Niu-Chwang, and the configuration of the theatre of war affords excellent means of coöperation by the Japanese army and navy; they will probably command all the waters west of Corea, as well as their communications with home ports; they can now readily move their troops by sea; Corea seems to be fairly won; they have the initiative; they have more modern troops, arms and vessels than the continentals. And though it is true that there is matter in nature which continues to compress before a blow or a missile, so that this can penetrate its substance only so far; while China may have a density of population and a stolidity of racial traits which would make it impossible for any army to march through the length and breadth of her land without coming to grief; yet, in view of the nearness to the coast of Tientsin and Pekin, in view of the historical certainty that well-led,

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well-armed troops may safely defy mere numbers; in view of the fact that the Chinese fleet will not be able for at least some months to hold head to the Japanese vessels convoying transports; in view of the personal equation, the strongest force in war, and which in this instance is markedly with the islanders; in view of the momentum acquired by the attacking party and of the good cheer as against loss of morale following the initial battles; in view of the almost certainty that China will not put out any efforts commensurate with her bulk,—it is equally within the possibilities that Japan may dictate peace at the capital of Manchuria or of China. I am inclined to think, however, that the Japanese would be wiser to aim for Moukden than for Pekin. Their claim would be urged with equal force at either place, and with far less danger at Moukden. In fact all they have started out to get they may rightfully claim when their occupation of Corea is made secure. For this brilliant consummation there is yet one thing wanting—a leader. At least three-quarters of the value of an army or a navy resides in the mental and moral equipment of one man. This suggestion of the possibilities must be Celtically answered by a query:

Has Japan a Von Moltke? We shall see. *Finis coronat opus.*

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

PARIS, *September* 27, 1894.

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STUDIES OF THE GREAT VICTORIAN WRITERS: IV.—THACKERAY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.[1]

THE literary career of William Makepeace Thackeray has not a few special features of its own that it is interesting to note at once. Of all the more eminent writers of the Victorian age, his life was the shortest: he died in 1863 at the age of fifty-two, the age of Shakespeare. His literary career of twenty-six years was shorter than that of Carlyle, of Macaulay, Disraeli, Dickens, Trollope, George Eliot, Froude, or Ruskin. It opened with the reign of the Queen, almost in the very year of "Pickwick," whose author stood beside his grave and lived and wrote for some years more. But these twenty-six years of Thackeray's era of production were full of wonderful activity, and have left us as many volumes of rich and varied genius. And the most striking feature of all is this—that in these twenty-six full volumes in so many modes, prose, verse, romance, parody, burlesque, essay, biography, criticism, there is not one which can be put aside as worthless and an utter failure; not one that falls from his consummate mastery of style; not one that it is irksome to read, to re-read, and to linger over in the reading.

This mastery over style—a style at once simple, pure, nervous, flexible, pathetic, and graceful—places Thackeray amongst the very greatest masters of English prose, and undoubtedly as the most certain and faultless of all the prose writers of the Victorian age. Without saying that he has ever reached quite to the level of some lyrical and apocalyptic descants that we may find in Carlyle and in Ruskin, Thackeray has never fallen into the faults of violence and turgidity which their warmest admirers are bound to confess in many a passage from these our two prose-poets. Carlyle is often grotesque; Macaulay can be pompous; Disraeli, Bulwer, Dickens, are often slovenly and sometimes bombastic; George Eliot is sometimes pedantic, and Ruskin has been stirred into hysterics. But Thackeray's English, from the first page of his first volume to the last page of his twenty-sixth volume, is natural, scholarly, pure, incisive, and yet gracefully

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and easily modulated—the language of an English gentleman of culture, wit, knowledge of the world, and consummate ease and self-possession. It is the direct and trenchant language of Swift: but more graceful, more flexible, more courteous.

And what is a truly striking fact about Thackeray's mastery of style is this—that it was perfectly formed from the beginning; that it hardly ever varied, or developed, or waxed in the whole course of his literary career; that his first venture as a very young man is as finished and as ripe as his very latest piece, when he died almost in the act of writing the words—"*and his heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.*" This prodigious precocity in style, such uniform perfection of exact composition, are perhaps without parallel in English literature. At the age of twenty-six Thackeray wrote "The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond." It was produced under very melancholy conditions, in the most unfavourable form of publication, and it was mangled by editorial necessities. And yet it can still be read and re-read as one of Thackeray's masterpieces, trifling and curtailed as it is (for it may be printed in one hundred pages); it is as full of wit, humour, scathing insight, and fine pathos in the midst of burlesque, as is "Vanity Fair" itself. It is already Thackeray in all his strength, with his 'Snobs,' his 'Nobs,' his fierce satire, and his exquisite style.

Modern romance has no purer, more pathetic, yet simpler page than the tale of the death of poor Samuel Titmarsh's first child. Though it is, as it deserves to be, a household word, the passage must be quoted here as a specimen of faultless and beautiful style.

"It was not, however, destined that she and her child should inhabit that little garret. We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it: but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us, and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe that every day of her life the mother thinks of her first-born that was with her for so short a while: many and many a time she has taken her daughters to the grave, in Saint Bride's, where he lies buried; and she wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birth-day, but to her never; and often in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still,—some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting."

Could words simpler, purer, more touching be found to paint a terrible, albeit very common sorrow! Not a needless epithet, not a

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false note, not a touch over-wrought! And this is the writing of an unknown, untried youth!

This exquisitely simple, easy, idiomatic, and nervous style marks all Thackeray's work for his twenty-six years of activity, and is equally perfect for whatever purpose it is used, and in whatever key he may choose to compose. It naturally culminates in "Vanity Fair," written just in the middle of his literary career. Here not a word is wasted: the profoundest impressions are made by a quiet sentence of a dozen plain words that neither Swift nor Defoe could have surpassed. I know nothing in English literature more powerful than those last two lines of the thirty-second chapter of "Vanity Fair." For four chapters the story has pictured the scene in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. The women and non-combatants are trembling with excitement, anxiety, fear, whilst the cannon roar all day in the distance—Amelia half distracted with love, jealousy, and foreboding.. And the wild alternations of hope, terror, grief, and agony are suddenly closed in the last paragraph of chapter 32.

"No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

Take all the great critical scenes in the book, and note how simple, and yet how full of pathos and of power, is the language in which they are described. There is the last parting of George and Amelia as the bugle rings to arms.

"George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside of the coverlet. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bed-side, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face."

The whole tragedy of their lives is given in miniature in this touching scene; and yet how natural and commonplace are all the effects of which it is composed, how few and simple the words which describe such love and such remorse. It is hard to judge in "Vanity Fair" which are the more perfect in style, the pathetic and tragic scenes or those which are charged with humour and epigram.

And the scene after George's marriage, when old Osborne burns his will and erases his son's name from the family Bible—and the

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scene when Osborne receives his son's last letter—"Osborne trembled long before the letter from his dead son"—"His father could not see the kiss George had placed on the superscription of his letter. Mr. Osborne dropped it with the bitterest, deadliest pang of balked affection and revenge. His son was still beloved and unforgiven." And the scene of "the widow and mother," when young Georgy is born, and the wonderful scene when Sir Pitt proposes marriage to the little green-eyed governess and she is scared into confessing her great secret, and the most famous scene of all, when Rawdon Crawley is released from the sponging-house and finds Lord Steyne with Rebecca alone. It is but a single page. The words spoken are short, brief, plain—not five sentences pass—"I am innocent," said she—"Make way, let me pass," cried My Lord—"You lie, you coward and villain!" said Rawdon. There is in all fiction no single scene more vivid, more true, more burnt into the memory, more tragic. And with what noble simplicity, with what incisive reticence, with what subtle anatomy of the human heart, is it recorded.

"Vanity Fair" was written, it is true, under the strain of serial publication, haste, and anxiety, but it is perhaps, even in style, the most truly complete. The wonderful variety, elasticity, and freshness of the dialogue, the wit of the comic scenes, the terrible power of the tragic scenes, the perfection of the *mise-en-scène*—the rattle, the fun, the glitter of the Fair are sustained from end to end, from the first words of the ineffable Miss Pinkerton to the *Vanitas Vanitatum* when the showman shuts up his puppets in their box. There is not in all "Vanity Fair" a single dull page that we skip, not a bit of padding, no rigmarole of explanation whilst the action stands still. Of what other fiction can this be said? Richardson and even Fielding have their *longueurs*. Miss Austen is too prone to linger over the tea-table beyond all human patience. And even Scott's descriptions of his loved hills grow sometimes unreadable, especially when they are told in a flaccid and slovenly style. But "Vanity Fair" is kept up with inexhaustible life and invention, with a style which, for purity and polish, was beyond the reach of Fielding, Richardson, or Scott.

"Esmond" was composed with even greater care than "Vanity Fair," and in the matter of style is usually taken to be Thackeray's greatest masterpiece. Its language is a miracle of art. But it is avowedly a *tour de force*—an effort to reproduce an entire book in the form and speech of a century and a half preceding. As a *tour de force* it is wonderful; but in so long a book the effort becomes at

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last too visible, and undoubtedly it somewhat cramps the freedom of the author's genius. Thackeray was not a born historical romancist, as were Scott and Dumas; nor was he a born historian at all. And when he undertook to produce an elaborate romance in the form and with the colouring of a past age, like George Eliot, he becomes rather too learned, too conscientious, too rigidly full of his authorities; and if as an historian he enters into rivalry with Macaulay, he somewhat loses his cunning as a novelist. Thackeray's force lay in the comedy of manners. In the comedy of manners we have nothing but "Tom Jones" to compare with "Vanity Fair." And though Thackeray is not equal to the "prose Homer of human nature," he wrote an English even finer and more racy.

In "Esmond" we are constantly pausing to admire the wonderful ingenuity and exquisite grace of the style, studying the language quite apart from the story; and we feel, as we do when we read Milton's Latin poems or Swinburne's French sonnets, that it is a surprising imitation of the original. But at the same time "Esmond" contains some of the noblest passages that Thackeray ever wrote, scenes and chapters which in form have no superior in English literature. That sixth chapter of the second book, in the cathedral, when Henry Esmond returns to his mistress on the 29th of December, on his birthday. "Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation"—"so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him." To my mind, there is nothing in English fiction which has been set forth in language of such exquisite purity and pathos.

"Esmond" too, which may be said to be one prolonged parody of the great Queen-Anne essayists, contains that most perfect of all parodies in the English language—"The paper out of the 'Spectator'"—in chapter third of the third book. It is of course not a 'parody' in the proper sense, for it has no element of satire or burlesque, and imitates not the foibles but the merits of the original, with an absolute illusion. The 341st number of the "Spectator," dated Tuesday, April 1, 1712, is so absolutely like Dick Steele at his best, that Addison himself would have been deceived by it. Steele hardly ever wrote anything so bright and amusing. It is not a 'parody': it is a forgery; but a forgery which required for its execution the most consummate mastery over all the subtleties and mysteries of style.

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In parody of every kind, from the most admiring imitation down to the most boisterous burlesque, Thackeray stands at the head of all other imitators. "The Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith (1812) is usually regarded as the masterpiece in this art; and Scott good-humouredly said that he would have taken the death of Higginbottom for his own verses. But Thackeray's "Novels by Eminent Hands" are superior even to the "Rejected Addresses." "Codlingsby," the parody of Disraeli's "Coningsby," may be taken as the most effective parody in our language: intensely droll in itself, it reproduces the absurdities, the affectations, the oriental imagination of Disraeli with inimitable wit. Those ten pages of irrepressible fooling are enough to destroy Disraeli's reputation as a serious romancer. No doubt they have unfairly reacted so as to dim our sense of Disraeli's real genius as a writer. When we know "Codlingsby" by heart, as every one with a sense of humour must do, it is impossible for us to keep our countenance when we take up the palaver about Sidonia and the Chosen Race. The "Novels by Eminent Hands" are all good: they are much more than parodies; they are real criticism, sound, wise, genial, and instructive. Nor are they in the least unfair. If the balderdash and cheap erudition of Bulwer and Disraeli are covered with inextinguishable mirth, no one is offended by the pleasant imitations of Lever, James, and Fenimore Cooper.

All the burlesques are good, and will bear continual re-reading; but the masterpiece of all is "Rebecca and Rowena," the continuation in burlesque of "Ivanhoe." It is one of the mysteries of literature that we can enjoy both, that the warmest admirers of Scott's glorious genius, and even those who delight in "Ivanhoe," can find the keenest relish in "Rebecca and Rowena," which is simply the great romance of chivalry turned inside out. But Thackeray's immortal burlesque has something of the quality of Cervantes' "Don Quixote"—that we love the knight whilst we laugh, and feel the deep pathos of human nature and the beauty of goodness and love even in the midst of the wildest fun. And this fine quality runs through all the comic pieces, ballads, burlesques, pantomimes, and sketches. What genial fun in the "Rose and the Ring," in "Little Billee," in "Mrs. Perkins' Ball," in the "Sketch Book," in "Yellowplush." It is only the very greatest masters who can produce extravaganzas, puerile tomfooleries, drolleries to delight children, and catchpenny songs, of such a kind that mature and cultivated students can laugh over

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them for the fiftieth time and read them till they are household words. This is the supreme merit of "Don Quixote," of "Scapin," of "Gulliver," of "Robinson Crusoe." And this quality of immortal truth and wit we find in "Rebecca and Rowena," in the "Rose and the Ring," in "Little Billee," in "Codlingsby," and "Yellowplush." The burlesques have that Aristophanic touch of beauty, pathos, and wisdom mingled with the wildest pantomime.

A striking example of Thackeray's unrivalled powers of imitation may be seen in the letters which are freely scattered about his works. No one before or since ever wrote such wonderfully happy illustrations of the epistolary style of boy or girl, old maid or illiterate man. There never were such letters as those of George Osborne in "Vanity Fair" —that letter from school describing the fight between Cuff and Figs is a masterpiece—the letters of Becky, of Rawdon, of Amelia—all are perfect reproductions of the writer, as are scores of letters scattered up and down the twenty-six volumes. Nor must we omit, as part of the style, the author's own illustrations. They are really part of the book; they assist us to understand the characters; they are a very important portion of the writer's method. None of our great writers ever had this double instrument: and Thackeray has used it with consummate effect. The sketches in "Vanity Fair" and in "Punch," especially the minor thumb-nail drolleries, are delightful—true caricatures—real portraits of character. It is true they are ill-drawn, often impossible, crude, and almost childish in their incorrectness and artlessness. But they have in them the soul of a great caricaturist. They have the Hogarthian touch of a great comic artist.

One is tempted to enlarge at length on the merits of Thackeray's style, because it is in his mastery over all the resources of the English language that he surpasses contemporary prose writers. And it is a mastery which is equally shown in every form of composition. There is a famous bit of Byron's about Sheridan to the effect that he had written the best comedy, made the finest speech, and invented the drollest farce in the English language. And it is hardly extravagant to say of Thackeray that, of all the Englishmen of this century, he has written the best comedy of manners, the best extravaganza, the best burlesque, the best parody, and the best comic song. And to this some of his admirers would add—the best lectures, and the best critical essays. It is of course true that he has never reached or attempted to reach the gorgeous rhapsodies of De Quincey or the dithyrambic melodies of Ruskin. But these heaven-born Pegasi can-

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not be harnessed to the working vehicles of our streets. The marvel of Thackeray's command over language is this—that it is unfailing in prose or in verse, in pathos or in terror, in tragedy or in burlesque, in narrative, in repartee, or in drollery: and that it never waxes or flags in force and precision throughout twenty-six full volumes.

Of Thackeray's style—a style that has every quality in perfection: simplicity, clearness, ease, force, elasticity, and grace—it is difficult to speak but in terms of unstinted admiration. When we deal with the substance and effective value of his great books we see that, although Thackeray holds his own with the best writers of this century, he cannot be said to hold the same manifest crown of supremacy. One of his strongest claims is the vast quantity and variety of his best work, and the singularly small proportion of inferior work. Fielding himself wrote pitiful trash when he became, as he said, a mere "hackney writer"; Richardson's "Grandison" overcomes most readers; Scott at last broke down; Carlyle, Disraeli, Dickens, and Ruskin have written many things which "we do not turn over by day and turn over by night," to put it as gently as one can. But Thackeray is never below himself in form, and very rarely indeed is he below himself in substance. "Pendennis" is certainly much inferior to "Vanity Fair," and "Philip" is much inferior to "Pendennis." "The Virginians" is far behind "Esmond." But of the more important books not one can be called in any sense a failure unless it be "Lovel the Widower" and "The Adventures of Philip."

Thackeray's masterpiece beyond question is "Vanity Fair"—which as a comedy of the manners of contemporary life is quite the greatest achievement in English literature since "Tom Jones." It has not the consummate plot of "Tom Jones"; it has not the breadth, the Shakespearean jollity, the genial humanity of the great "prose Homer"; it has no such beautiful character as Sophia Western. But "Vanity Fair" may be put beside "Tom Jones" for variety of character, intense reality, ingenuity of incident, and profusion of wit, humour, and invention. It is even better written than "Tom Jones"; has more pathos and more tragedy; and is happily free from the nauseous blots into which Harry Fielding was betrayed by the taste of his age. It is hard to say what scene in "Vanity Fair," what part, what character, rests longest in the memory. Is it the home of the Sedleys and the Osbornes, is it Queen's Crawley, or the incidents at Brussels, or at Gaunt House:—is it George Osborne, or Jos, or Miss Crawley, the Major or the Colonel,—is it Lord Steyne

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or Rebecca? All are excellent, all seem perfect in truth, in consistency, in contrast.

The great triumph of "Vanity Fair"—the great triumph of modern fiction—is Becky Sharp: a character which will ever stand in the very foremost rank of English literature, if not with Falstaff and Shylock, then with Squire Western, Uncle Toby, Mr. Primrose, Jonathan Oldbuck, and Sam Weller. There is no character in the whole range of literature which has been worked out with more elaborate completeness. She is drawn from girlhood to old age, under every conceivable condition, and is brought face to face with all kinds of persons and trials. In all circumstances Becky is true to herself; her ingenuity, her wit, her selfishness, her audacity, her cunning, her clear, cool, alert brain, even her common sense, her spirit of justice, when she herself is not concerned, and her good-nature, when it could cost her nothing—all this is unfailing, inimitable, never to be forgotten. Some good people cry out that she is so wicked. Of course she is wicked: so were Iago and Blifil. The only question is, if she be real? Most certainly she is, as real as anything in the whole range of fiction, as real as Tartuffe, or Gil Blas, Wilhelm Meister, or Rob Roy. No one doubts that Becky Sharps exist: unhappily they are not even very uncommon. And Thackeray has drawn one typical example of such bad women with an anatomical precision that makes us shudder.

And if Becky Sharp be the masterpiece of Thackeray's art amongst the characters, the scene of her husband's encounter with her paramour is the masterpiece of all the scenes in "Vanity Fair," and has no superior, hardly any equal, in modern fiction. Becky, Rawdon Crawley, and Lord Steyne—all are inimitably true, all are powerful, all are fearful in their agony and rage. The uprising of the poor rake almost into dignity and heroism, and his wife's outburst of admiration at his vengeance, are strokes of really Shakespearean insight. It was with justice that Thackeray himself felt pride in that touch. "*She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, victorious.*" It is these touches of clear sight in Becky, her respect for Dobbin, her kindliness to Amelia apart from her own schemes, which make us feel an interest in Becky, loathsome as she is. She is always a woman, and not an inhuman monster, however bad a woman, cruel, heartless, and false.

There remains always the perpetual problem if "Vanity Fair" be a cynic's view of life, the sardonic grin of a misanthrope gloating

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over the trickery and meanness of mankind. It is well to remember how many are the scenes of tenderness and pathos in "Vanity Fair," how powerfully told, how deeply they haunt the memory and sink into the heart. The school life of Dobbin, the ruin of old Sedley and the despair of Amelia, the last parting of Amelia and George, Osborne revoking his will, Sedley broken down, Rawdon in the sponging-house, the birth and boyhood of Georgy Osborne, the end of old Sedley, the end of old Osborne, are as pathetic and humane as anything in our literature. Mature men, who study fiction with a critical spirit and a cool head, admit that the only passages in English romance that they can never read again without faltering, without a dim eye and a quavering voice, are these scenes of pain and sorrow in "Vanity Fair." The death of old Sedley, nursed by his daughter, is a typical piece—perfect in simplicity, in truth, in pathos.

"One night when she stole into his room, she found him awake, when the broken old man made his confession. 'O, Emmy, I've been thinking we were very unkind and unjust to you,' he said, and put out his cold and feeble hand to her. She knelt down and prayed by his bed-side, as he did too, having still hold of her hand. When our turn comes, friend, may we have such company in our prayers."

And this is the arch-cynic and misanthrope, grinning at all that is lovable and tender!

It is too often forgotten that "Vanity Fair" is not intended to be simply the world: it is society, it is fashion, the market where mammon-worship, folly, and dissipation display their wares. Thackeray wrote many other books, and has given us many worthy characters. Dobbin, Warrington, Colonel Newcome, Ethel Newcome, Henry Esmond, are generous, brave, just, and true. Neither "Esmond," nor "The Newcomes, nor "The Virginians" is in any sense the work of a misanthrope. And where Thackeray speaks in his own person, in the lectures on the "English Humourists," he is brimful of all that is genial, frank, lenient, and good-hearted. What we know of the man, who loved his friends and was loved by them, and who in all his critical and personal sketches showed himself a kindly, courteous, and considerate gentleman, inclines us to repel this charge of cynicism, that he is a satirist—a great satirist, but a cruel mocker at human virtue and goodness.

This is, however, not the whole of the truth. The consent of mankind, and especially the consent of women, is too manifest. There *is* something ungenial, there *is* a bitter taste left when we have enjoyed these books, especially as we lay down "Vanity Fair." It

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is a long comedy of roguery, meanness, selfishness, intrigue, and affectation. Rakes, ruffians, bullies, parasites, fortune-hunters, adventurers, women who sell themselves, and men who cheat and cringe, pass before us in one incessant procession, crushing the weak, and making fools of the good. Such, says our author, is the way of Vanity Fair—which we are warned to loathe and to shun. Be it so: —but it cannot be denied that the rakes, ruffians, and adventurers fill too large a canvas, are too conspicuous, too triumphant, too interesting. They are more interesting than the weak and the good whom they crush under foot: they are drawn with a more glowing brush, they are far more splendidly endowed. They have better heads, stronger wills, richer natures than the good and kind ones who are their butts. Dobbin, as the author himself tells us, "is a spooney." Amelia, as he says also, "is a little fool." Peggy O'Dowd, dear old goody, is the laughing-stock of the regiment, though she is also its grandmother. "Vanity Fair" has here and there some virtuous and generous characters. But we are made to laugh at every one of them to their very faces. And the evil and the selfish characters bully them, mock them, thrust them aside at every page—and they do so because they are more the stuff of which men and women of any mark are made.

There are evil characters in Shakespeare, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Scott: we find ruffians, rakes, traitors, and parasites. But they are not paramount, not universal, not unqualified. Iago is utterly overshadowed by Othello, Blifil by Alworthy, Tom Jones by Sophia Western, Squire Thornhill by Dr. Primrose, the reprobate Staunton by the good angel Jeanie Deans. Shakespeare, Fielding, Goethe, Scott draw noble and generous natures quite as well as they paint the evil natures: indeed they paint them better; they enjoy the painting of them more; they make us enjoy them more. Take this test: if we run over the characters of Shakespeare or of Scott we have to reflect before we find the villains. If we run over the characters in Thackeray, it is an effort of memory to recall the generous and the fine natures. Thackeray has given us some lovable and affectionate men and women: but they all have qualities which lower them and tend to make them either tiresome or ridiculous. Henry Esmond is a high-minded and almost heroic gentleman, but he is glum, a regular kill-joy, and, as his author admitted, something of a prig. Colonel Newcome is a noble true-hearted soldier: but he is made too good for this world and somewhat too innocent, too transparently a child

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of nature. Warrington, with all his sense and honesty, is rough, Pendennis is a bit of a puppy, Clive Newcome is not much of a hero, and as for Dobbin he is almost intended to be a butt.

A more serious defect is a dearth in Thackeray of women to love and to honour. Shakespeare has given us a gallery of noble women; Fielding has drawn the adorable Sophia Western; Scott has his Jeanie Deans. But though Thackeray has given us over and over again living pictures of women of power, intellect, wit, charm, they are all marred by atrocious selfishness, cruelty, ambition, like Becky Sharp, Beatrix Esmond, and Lady Kew; or else they have some weakness, silliness, or narrowness which prevents us from at once loving and respecting them. Amelia is rather a poor thing and decidedly silly; we do not really admire Laura Pendennis; the Little Sister is somewhat colourless; Ethel Newcome runs great risk of being a spoilt beauty; and about Lady Castlewood, with all her love and devotion, there hangs a certain sinister and unnatural taint, which the world cannot forgive, and perhaps ought not to forgive. The sum of all this is, that in all these twenty-six volumes and hundreds of men and women portrayed, there is not one man or one woman having at once a noble character, perfect generosity, powerful mind, and lovable nature; or one man or one woman of tender heart and perfect honour, but has some trait that tends to make him or her either laughable or tedious. It is not so with the supreme masters of the human heart. And the world does not condone this, and it is right in not condoning it.

But to say this, is not to condemn Thackeray as a cynic. With these many scenes of exquisite tenderness and pathos, with men and women of such loving hearts and devoted spirits, with the profusion of gay, kindly, childlike love of innocent fun, that we find all through Thackeray's work, he does not belong to the order of the Jonathan Swifts, the Balzacs, the Zolas, the gruesome anatomists of human vice and meanness. On the other hand he does not belong to the order of the Shakespeares, Goethes, and Scotts, to whom human virtue and dignity always remain in the end the supreme forces of human life. Thackeray, with a fine and sympathetic soul, had a creative imagination that was far stronger on the darker and fouler sides of life than it was on the brighter and pure side of life. He saw the bright and pure side: he loved it, he felt with it, he made us love it. But his artistic genius worked with more free and consummate zest when he painted the dark and the foul. His creative

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imagination fell short of the true equipoise, of that just vision of *chiaroscuro*, which we find in the greatest masters of the human heart. This limitation of his genius has been visited upon Thackeray with a heavy hand. And such as it is, he must bear it.

The place of Thackeray in English literature will always be determined by his "Vanity Fair": which will be read, we may confidently predict, as long as "Tom Jones," "Clarissa," "Tristram Shandy," "The Antiquary," and "Pickwick." But all the best of his pieces, even the smaller *jeux d'esprits*, may be read with delight again and again by young and old. And of the best are—"Esmond," "The Newcomes," "Barry Lyndon," the "Book of Snobs," the "Hoggarty Diamond," some of the "Burlesques" and "Christmas Books" and the "English Humourists." Of these, "Esmond" has every quality of a great book, except its artificial form, its excessive elaboration of historical colouring, and its unsavoury plot. Beatrix Esmond is almost as wonderful a creation as Becky Sharp; though, if formed on a grander mould, she has less fascination than that incorrigible minx. "The Newcomes," if in some ways the most genial of the longer pieces, is plainly without the power of "Vanity Fair." And if "Barry Lyndon" has this power, it is an awful picture of cruelty and meanness. The "Book of Snobs" and the "Hoggarty Diamond" were each a kind of prelude to "Vanity Fair," and both contain some of its essential marks of pathos and of power. It is indeed strange to us now to remember that both of these books, written with such finished mastery of hand and full of such passages of wit and insight, could have been published for years before the world had recognized that it had a new and consummate writer before it. The "Book of Snobs" indeed may truly be said to have seriously improved the public opinion of the age, and to have given a death-blow to many odious forms of sycophancy and affectation which passed unrebuked in England fifty years ago. And the "Burlesque Romances" and the "English Humourists" have certainly assisted in forming the public taste and in promoting a sound criticism of our standard fiction.

Charlotte Brontë dedicated her "Jane Eyre," in 1847, to William Makepeace Thackeray, as "the first social regenerator of the day." Such language, though interesting as coming from a girl of singular genius and sincerity, however ignorant of real life, was excessive. But we may truly assert that he has enriched our literature with some classical masterpieces in the comedy of cotemporary manners.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM: PAST AND FUTURE.

NEVER before has there been such widespread interest in public control of the liquor traffic as is felt to-day. Thoughtful minds have long recognized immoderate drinking to be closely connected, either as cause or effect, with various social miseries; but energetic reformers are now utilizing the results of experience as well as research in a practical way. Movements for throttling the well-nigh intolerable social curse are operating with a vigor hitherto unknown. Sharp conflicts have recently taken place in the ancient stronghold of Puritanism and in South Carolina, and now from the broad West we hear the din of marshalling forces. Over sea, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Switzerland are pausing on vantage ground, while England is forming ranks for a struggle from which a rational regime must eventually emerge. We may especially take courage from the latter movement, for it has assumed organic shape in the formation of a "Public House Reform Association," and is being fathered by such eminent men as the Bishop of Chester, the Duke of Westminster, Lords Aberdare and Thring, Judge Thomas Hughes, and Messrs. Joseph Chamberlain, J. G. Talbot, and George Wyndham. As in Massachusetts, the Norwegian system of control has been accepted for the plan of campaign. Indeed the distinguishing feature of this and nearly all other latter-day movements is the substitution of evolutionary reform for total and instantaneous repression.

The United States has been a fertile field for experiment. Diverse systems of control have been tried. Individual States, and still oftener separate communities, have changed their policy several times within a comparatively short period. Has this experience any definite lesson to teach?

In seven American commonwealths prohibition is the prevailing form of control. This term indicates withdrawing the right to manufacture and sell spirituous and malt beverages from domiciled residents within the borders. In the sense in which it is incorporated in American practice, it does not further attempt to regulate the conduct of individuals. A man may buy liquor in another State and have it

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shipped to him, provided it is destined for his own private use. Still more, he may purchase it surreptitiously from a fellow-resident without rendering himself liable to punishment. It is the manufacturer and the seller, not the consumer of drink, who are placed under the ban. Prohibition is now the law of seven States,—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, and South Dakota. Four of these—Maine, Kansas, and the two Dakotas—have prohibition amendments to their constitutions. Prohibition has been tried and abandoned in Delaware, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Indiana, Nebraska, New York, Illinois, and Ohio.

All the States in which prohibitory legislation obtains to-day are relatively sparsely populated. The largest urban community in any of them is the city of Des Moines, Iowa, which contains 50,093 people according to the last census. But it is in large cities where the liquor traffic is hardest to control. Therefore I think it is perfectly fair to make answer to the friends of prohibition that the soundness of their views has not been sufficiently apparent from practical experiments. New York, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island are the only States containing large city populations which have been under a prohibitory regime, and they have abandoned it.

The chief difficulty with all restrictive measures directed against social vices is to secure their enforcement, or, indeed, their moderate observance in urban centres. People should take account of this, remembering that virtue can never be inculcated by legal enactment. Its springs are in the human heart, and before they will flow they must be struck with the rod of a quickened intelligence. Marching too far in advance of public sentiment always renders success problematical—in this country for the added reason that existing conditions of municipal government are ignored. With civic spirit at so low an ebb, and supineness the attitude of the police, we cannot rely upon enforcement of or rigid conformity to law. Neither ought we to blame public authorities too severely. There are usually motes in our own eyes as well as beams in the eyes of representatives of the body politic. Depositing the ballot is too often accompanied on our part by a thrill of satisfaction that duty has been done, whereas it should be understood as having only just commenced. We should reflect that a majority vote for prohibition establishes a new legal misdemeanor, and that unless there is hearty and effective co-operation to secure enforcement, damage is more likely to be done than good accomplished. Disrespect for law is the most dangerous of all

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things under a democratic form of government, and those who assist in making laws which, for one reason or another, cannot be enforced, assume weighty responsibilities.

The control of the liquor traffic is a moral and social question and has no place in the arena of politics. It is greatly to be feared that making prohibition a political issue has compelled the liquor interests to seek political means of defence. But, whatever the cause, the result has been an alliance with the dominant party, or the lower elements of both political parties, which has degraded American politics to the lowest depths.

Another favorite American method of dealing with the liquor traffic has been through local option. This, by many, is called prohibition in its more rational form. The advantages claimed are that the small area to which it applies renders its introduction easier. There is not only a strong local feeling behind it, but concentration of attention upon a limited territory brings greater likelihood of rigorous enforcement. Again, the movement advances slowly, and ground once gained rarely has to be surrendered. Local option represents evolutionary advance, whereas prohibition is cataclysmic. Opponents of local option enumerate among its drawbacks:

1. That drinking is made a local question, whereas it ought to be considered from a national point of view.
2. The ethical basis of the problem is lowered to mere expediency.
3. It has only been successful in practice in country districts, and then at the expense of adjoining neighborhoods.

Local option has been tried in several States. Better results seem to have been achieved in Massachusetts than elsewhere. In several of the Southern States, also, a feeling of satisfaction with its operation has been expressed, though generally the areas to which it has been confined are almost exclusively country districts. The experiences of Michigan and Missouri give a reverse side to the picture. In the former an important contention of critics seems to have been justified. The ratio of licenses to population in places not under local option increased, during the last census period, eight per cent.

High-license is the method most in favor for large cities, where restrictive measures have been practised at all. Advocates claim that it is the only effective form of control as demonstrated by experience. It may be applied to places where prohibition and local option would both fail, and it reduces the number of saloons within measurable limits, both as to number and geographical situation.

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It is true that where a really high license fee has been charged, dram-shops have notably decreased. In Omaha, in 1881, the license fee was raised from $100 to $1,000. At that time the ratio of licenses to population was 1 to 267. In 1891 it was 1 to 600. The experience of St. Paul is almost equally significant. During the six years from 1886 to 1892, when a similar change took place, the ratio of licenses to population declined, becoming 1 to 367 instead of 1 to 152. In Philadelphia results have been even more remarkable. Previous to the enactment of the Brooks law in 1888 there was one license to every 160 inhabitants. In 1891 the proportion was 1 to 600. This favorable statistical showing, be it noted, applies to three States where the license fee is fixed at $1,000. Other high-license cities require only $500, and it is undeniably true that no such conspicuously useful results have there been attained. There seems to be somewhere a normal limit of efficiency, and whenever the sum charged is below the line the useful effects of control are lessened.

Perhaps the most effective form of high-license prevails in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. To my mind there are two reasons for this. In the first-named State, while the number of permits is not limited by law, complete discretion is vested in the licensing commission, which is composed of judges in courts of secondary instance. Massachusetts has recourse to limitation, Boston being allowed one license to every 500 of population, and every other city one license to every 1,000 persons. Legal limitation of number, and especially a high-class commission of judges, are features which should accompany every high-license regime.

Opponents of this plan dispute the fact that it has been much of a success anywhere. Again, they assert that it forges more closely the alliance between liquor and politics. Licensing-boards have usually a distinct political element in their composition, so that in the distribution of privileges the political bummers may be properly looked after. Furthermore, it is alleged that consolidation of liquor interests more readily occurs, and "tied houses" become substitutes for individual tap-rooms. Finally, those who take the high ground that license fees represent blood-money, so to speak, contend that enhanced revenues are a salve to the conscience of the weak-kneed brother, and lessen his practical interest in the suppression of liquor-drinking.

The latest form of experiment is that inaugurated by South Carolina under the law of December 24, 1892. Though recently declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State, reference to it

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may not be out of place. Private liquor-selling is abolished, and a State dispensary system substituted. At least one of these dispensaries is opened in every county not under local option, and in the cities of Charleston and Columbia more are provided for. A State board of control, composed of the governor, comptroller-general, and attorney-general, is the highest business authority. A State commissioner, who is believed to be an abstainer, is appointed by this body, as well as county boards of control, which are composed of three members serving for two years, and who are likewise teetotalers. Dispensaries are opened by the county boards of control upon motion of a majority of freehold voters. The State commissioner purchases the liquors (under a saving political clause which gives preference to manufacturers and brewers doing business in the State), and the State chemist analyzes the beverages to see if they are pure. They are then done up in packages varying from five gallons to half a pint in size, shipped to the county dispensaries, and sold at prices not exceeding 50 per cent profit. Considerable formality is required in the purchase of drink. The dispenser must demand a written or printed request, properly dated, stating the age and residence of the signer for whose use the liquor is requested, as well as the quantity and kind required. The certificate is then attested and put on file.

At first glance one would think that a law which lengthened the time between drinks would not be very popular with a South Carolina governor. The present incumbent, however, in his last annual message, urges the following claims in support of his dispensary system:

1. The element of personal profit is destroyed, thereby removing the incentive to increased sales.
2. A pure article is guaranteed, and it is subject to chemical analysis.
3. The consumer obtains honest measure of standard strength.
4. Treating is stopped, as the bottles are not opened on the premises.
5. It is sold only in the daytime.
6. The concomitants of ice, sugar, lemons, etc., being removed, there is not the same inclination to drink. The closing of the saloon, especially at night, and the prohibition of sale by the drink, destroy the inducements and seductions which have caused so many to be led astray and enter on the downward course.
7. It is sold only for cash, and there is no longer "chalking up" for daily drinks against pay-day. The workingman buys his bottle of whiskey Saturday night, and carries the rest of his wages home.
8. The local whiskey rings, which have been a curse to every municipality in the State, and have always controlled municipal elections, have been torn up root and branch, and the influence of the bar-keeper as a political manipulator is absolutely destroyed. The police, removed from the control of its debauching influence, will enforce the law against evil-doing with more vigor and a higher tone; and greater purity in all governmental affairs must result.

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Were the history of this unique measure not so well known, the contentions of Governor Tillman might be more generally accepted. It is a fact that the plan had its origin in an effort to raise revenue, not in the virtuous desire to reduce the consumption of drink. Prohibitionists were cajoled into its support by promises that the coming enactment would be a stepping-stone to their ideal. It is much to be feared that the local whiskey rings, which the governor denounces, may give place to a State politico-liquor machine. The claim that the consumer will obtain an honest measure of drink, standard in strength and quality, may have local grounds for favor, but one can hardly accept it as possessing great moral weight. Taking from the tippler his ice, lemons, and sugar may be a hardship, but it is not a positively reformatory measure. Selling only in the daytime and for cash, the abolition of treating, the weeding out of gambling-dens and other immoral concomitants of the saloon, are undoubted advantages.

There has been an absurd confounding, in the minds of many people, of this South Carolina experiment with the Scandinavian system of controlling the liquor traffic. Points of similarity do exist, but modes of operation and effects are quite different. The cardinal principle of the South Carolina plan is State monopoly of all sale of drink; that of the Norwegian plan is local control through commercial companies organized often by the best and most patriotic citizens, who renounce all profits and take merely the ordinary rate of interest on the small amount of capital invested. Wherein both of the plans agree, and where both, in my judgment, strike at the root of the whole matter, is in eliminating private profit from liquor-selling. But here the parallel ceases. These local companies in Norway engage in the traffic in order that they may control it and restrict it until such time as municipalities may do away with licensing altogether. So well has their aim succeeded that the great majority of inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula are to-day under a no-license regime. In South Carolina the profits go to the State, and the very conception of the measure reposes on the idea of relief to taxpayers. Indeed, Governor Tillman apologetically remarks that the revenues are not yet as high as they will be. A State monopoly makes liquor-selling a part of the machinery of the government, and therefore gives to it a more or less permanent existence. The essence of the other plan is liberty to abolish the traffic whenever a community is ready, but, in the mean time, to regulate it so that the least possible damage may be done. Another most significant differ-

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ence between the two systems is that State dispensaries involve regulation by political appointees. In Norway every vestige and semblance of political influence is eliminated. Indeed, to my mind, the absolute separation which has been practically effected between liquor and politics is a most conspicuous merit. Again, Scandinavian control brings about progressive reform by educating public opinion. The South Carolina plan, being nearly prohibitive in character, is a measure too far in advance of public opinion to be accepted and enforced to-day.

The minor points of similarity represent borrowings from Scandinavian practice. They include reduction in the number of places of sale, early closing, selling only for cash, and furnishing pure liquor. Presumably, also, gambling and immorality are divorced from dispensaries, as they are in every instance from the companies' liquor-shops abroad. The South Carolina plan offers avenues of political interference and possibilities of corrupt exploitation. Revenue and partisan convenience may easily become dominant motives. In these vital features it must be distinguished from the system abroad, from which it is often popularly and erroneously supposed to have borrowed likeness.

Notwithstanding the variety of American experiments in controlling the drink traffic, results in a general way show that practically nothing has been accomplished. In 1850 the consumption of all kinds of liquor averaged 4.08 gallons per inhabitant; in 1892 it was 17.04 gallons,—considerably more than a fourfold increase. During this period the consumption of spirits diminished, it is true, from 2.25 to 1.50 gallons per capita, but beer-drinking advanced from 1.58 to 15.10 gallons per head of population. Wine-drinking increased only slightly, namely, from 0.27 to 0.44 gallons per capita. Taking the year 1874, chosen because at that time the first Swedish company—the Gothenburg—secured the licenses for retail sale of spirits (only sales over the bar were given in 1865), and making a comparison with the present, the consumption of spirits and wines with us has remained stationary, but beer-drinking has very much more than doubled. It is true that during the last half-century the United States has received large accessions of population from countries where beer is the national beverage, and doubtless some will say that, since spirit-drinking has not advanced, it is unfair to assume deterioration in habits.

There is another significant fact to which attention must be called.

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Returns of the prison population in the United States show an increase of 358 persons per million inhabitants during the last census period. The advance has been greatest in the North Atlantic Division, which contains our largest city populations. Exactly what proportion of criminality springs from drink is a question which, so far, has not been accurately determined. The best studies, however, go to show that tippling is a prolific source of wrong-doing,—indeed, probably the most potent factor in petty crime.

Here, then, is a summary of our situation. Prohibition, local option, State monopoly, high-license, and low-license, have been tried,—most of them during long periods and in various sections of the country.

1. The consumption of liquor has increased, and the prison population is advancing.

2. The ratio of licenses to inhabitants, in large cities, often now attains disgraceful proportions.

3. The alliance between liquor and politics is being drawn closer and closer.

There exist three leading alternatives in future action.

1. Hopelessly to give up the struggle, at least for the present, and allow the evil to become unendurable, trusting to a great wave of moral enthusiasm to sweep it entirely away. Municipalities exercise this method to free themselves from political corruption, but it is generally noticed that spasms of virtue come at longer intervals, while relapses follow more speedily and are more severe. Generally speaking, the last condition of the patient is worse than the first. Such doctrines are so dangerous in the field of politics that none but the nonchalant American, who has been nourished on the belief that nothing can permanently undermine his country's greatness, would dare to profess them. They cannot for one moment be admitted in dealing with grave moral issues, because, ere long, recuperative virtue would be debauched and silenced. No! things cannot go on as they are; they must not be allowed to grow worse.

2. Numbers of people, while candidly admitting that present conditions are not satisfactory, are so wedded to preconceived notions, or attached to a narrow system, that they will not hear of moving outside of regulation methods. They may be partisans of a faith-cure, such as prohibition, especially when applied to large cities. More, perhaps, believe in very mild homœopathic treatment, and so recommend high-license, forgetting that a consolidation of liquor interests and the exercise of political favoritism are necessary incidents there-

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to. Instead of removing private gain, the impulse to it is stimulated by rendering success uncertain unless business is pushed and resorts are made more seductive. Early-closing is an impossibility under high-license, because, if you charge a man well for the privilege of selling drink, you cannot, under any pretence of equity, deny him the opportunity to exercise the trade during the more profitable hours. No-license—or local option, as it is usually called—cannot be successfully enforced in the case of large municipalities unless there is some adjacent community upon which to unload the burden. I doubt very much if Cambridge could have shown such good results, did not a bridge span the stretch of water between it and Boston.

3. The third alternative—and I believe the only admissible one—is to study impartially the liquor problem from all points of view, and adopt those methods which have been proven most efficient in practice as measures of progressive, if not ideal, reform. Nothing can be more rational than this; nor, indeed, can success be reasonably expected from any other policy.

The formation of a national Committee of Fifty on the study of the liquor problem was briefly noticed in the March number of THE FORUM. Distinguished men in clerical, professional, academic, and business stations, representing all shades of opinion, have banded together for the purpose of thorough and rational study. When results are reached and published, the American people will have data for judgment which have never existed before. To my mind, one reason why so little solid advance has hitherto been made is that the liquor problem has been largely dealt with from the standpoint of sentiment. Sentiment is undoubtedly a tremendous force, but, like other motive powers, unless it is usefully directed, no progress can be made. A locomotive with furnace blazing and lever drawn may remain at a complete stand-still. It must have a track upon which to run if ground is to be traversed and a goal reached. Now, this Committee of Fifty, if it does nothing else, will certainly lay the track.

As regards practical measures we need not wait for its possible suggestion. Light is already available; and, as in days of old, it comes from the east. The Norwegian system of public control, modified slightly to meet American conditions, is the best and safest plan to adopt so long as licensing has to be practised, and I think it would be a pretty sanguine person who would not admit that that will be for a good while yet. It represents the only effective means

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of minimizing the evils of the traffic in large cities, and it includes admirable provisions for encouraging no-license in country districts and smaller towns.

Each local governing community regulates its own practice. If no licenses are permitted, a formal vote to that effect settles the question; but, where licensing is to go on, a monopoly of saloon and retail trade up to a certain limit—in Norway 10½ gallons, and in Sweden 66 gallons at one sale—is conceded to a commercial company whose shareholders are usually individuals or institutions of high standing, and whose management is conducted in the strictest possible manner for the public interest. All profits beyond the current interest on capital are distributed among institutions for furthering public weal, or to lessen the social and moral burdens to which inordinate alcoholic indulgence gives rise. Public interest being substituted for individual gain, all rules of management, such as limitation in the number of places of sale to the lowest possible limit, with consequent removal of temptation to drink, refusal to sell in such quantities that intoxication may ensue, early week-day and absolute Sunday closing, disposal of goods for cash only, destruction of political alliances, of gambling, and of every immoral accessory,—these are some of the salutary consequences of this rational regime. Testimonies of efficiency are numerous and overwhelmingly conclusive:

1. No single community in Scandinavia has ever tried the plan and afterward abandoned it.

2. Liquor-selling has been abolished, except in the case of a comparatively small number of privileged licenses, which are held for life and cannot be expropriated, throughout the country districts and smaller communities of Norway and Sweden.

3. Membership in total-abstinence societies has risen from a meagre coterie to over 300,000 in the two countries.

4. Even the radical temperance party has not sought to abolish the regime, and its leader, in writing to me not long ago, officially expressed his earnest preference to this over all other systems where the sale of liquor was permitted at all. The real effort of the party is being directed toward securing a law which shall make it unlawful to sell any beverage whose alcoholic content is more than 25 per cent.

5. Chiefs of police have been led to see "that the difference between conditions under the old and new order of things is as the difference between night and day." Provincial governors, foreign

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ministers and consuls have likewise expressed their approbation with but one dissenting voice.[1]

6. The testimony of undeniable fact, which is more eloquent and conclusive than the best-founded opinion, shows that the consumption of spirits in Sweden has been reduced from 14.2 to 6.8 quarts per inhabitant from the time the first company received its complete monopoly of retail and bar sale of spirits, and in Norway from 6.8 to 3.3 quarts. The reformatory influences of the regime have brought Sweden down from the second to the seventh, and Norway to the lowest place, as regards per capita consumption of spirits, among the thirteen most civilized countries of the world, while we in the United States still occupy the rank of tenth. Need anything more be said to convince the doubter that this system points the way to Rational Temperance Reform?

[1] This criticism came from Mr. T. Michell, British Consul-General at Christiania. His report is one of the grossest misrepresentations of facts that ever emanated from an official pen, yet notwithstanding very clear evidences of faulty analysis it has been widely utilized by persons not understanding or not in sympathy with the Norwegian system. Particularly has a writer in "The Voice" been unwittingly misled into drawing inferences from quotations which one familiar with the facts recognizes as illogical, distorted, or untrue. But the public should be informed of a few incidents to which Mr. Michell's ridiculous but unfortunate work has given rise. Popular indignation in Norway was immediately aroused, and Mr. H. E. Berner, of Christiania, a temperate man, and universally recognized as the highest authority on the Norwegian system, was commissioned to prepare an official refutation. In a letter received not long ago, Mr. Berner remarked:

"In regard to the very incorrect report about the Norwegian *Samlag* (company system) by Mr. Michell, I may state that I was requested by our Home Department to formulate a reply to it, and this reply has been sent to the English Foreign Office, through our legation in London. The Foreign Office has also asked permission to publish my reply. I do not think the Norwegian authorities will do anything further in the matter."

Mr. Thomas M. Wilson, of Bergen, also wrote shortly before his death:

"Mr. Michell's consular report has been well refuted by the Norwegian press, and the government has forwarded an official refutation of it to Lord Rosebery. Besides that, the leading British residents in Norway have prepared a memorial pointing out the absolute advantages of the system practised in Norway, and requesting the withdrawal of the report from circulation. The memorial will be presented very soon, and has been numerously signed. The report is just as untruthful, biased, and incorrect as it well can be."

When a document is officially repudiated, directly by one government and indirectly by another, besides being protested against by the writer's resident compatriots, is it not time that all who prize fairness and uprightness in controversy should cease quoting it? I feel sure that most writers who have used these data have done so without the knowledge of the above facts. Still they are only partially excusable, for the report bears unmistakable intrinsic evidences of absurd and illogical induction.

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The only reliable gauge of efficiency to apply to any system for controlling the liquor traffic is per capita consumption of drink. Even this does not offer a mathematical standard of accuracy, for it is a well-known fact that changing economic conditions will cause wide fluctuations. Indeed the British chancellor of the exchequer is accustomed to use this "spirit barometer" in his budgetary estimates of national prosperity. Nevertheless, individual consumption of drink is a sound, if only an approximate test.

Statistics of drunkenness are valueless as an index, because law, strictness in enforcing regulations, artificial incentives to take up offenders, such as giving a part of the fines to the police, and the progressive popular intolerance of inebriety which usually follows a reforming regime, all play an important part. Again, published statements of convictions are rarely differentiated to show how many times the same person was arrested. This is exceedingly important as indicating whether the actual number of persons drinking to excess is on the increase, or whether professional tipplers are simply indulging more freely. Furthermore, the area to which the system applies must be studied as a whole, and not individual districts alone. It is evident that if there be no-license in the country, and license in the towns, the former's more jovial inhabitants will utilize occasional visits to the cities to drink to excess. Statistically such offences belong to the place where they are committed.

Statistics of pauperism abound with even more treacherous pitfalls to the unwary. Everywhere public sense of responsibility toward the unfortunate has deepened during the last three decades. The logical result is that this class is not only being better cared for, but more are helped. To find the pauper constituency increasing does not necessarily argue deterioration of habit, growing failure of self-respect, or the application of sentimental methods in relief. The concentration of population in urban centres represents in no small degree a flocking together of the unfit. Here public institutions to care for those who fail in life's struggle exist in large numbers, accounting in a measure for the anomaly of increasing urban and declining rural poverty.

Methods of enumerating the poor vary in different countries and at different periods. As an illustration, in Sweden, during recent years, those receiving gratuitous hospital or dispensary treatment figure in the pauper record. Take another case showing divergence in systems of registration. In Gothenburg, if the head of a family

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is helped by having his rent paid from the poor rates, the whole family are inscribed as paupers. Supposing there are eight children, and that both parents are alive, there would be ten recipients of relief. If rents were paid in this manner monthly during eight months, the record would show eighty paupers; if weekly during the same period, three hundred and fifty. Figures which indicate that one person in every nine inhabitants of a thriving commercial city is a pauper ought to create suspicion in any discerning mind. Yet the totals are accepted and quoted by the writer in "The Voice" and by the secretary of the English County Brewers' Society as evidence that unparalleled poverty is somehow or other closely connected with the Gothenburg system of liquor traffic. Nothing can be more easily distorted than statistical data. Sir Charles Dilke in one sense was right when he said, "There are three degrees of untruth,—a fib, a lie, and statistics." Crime bears a positive relation to drink, but the terms of this relation cannot be expressed in mathematical language. There is always a tendency among the lapsed, who appreciate the practical value of sympathy, to lay their misfortunes to tippling.

We come back, then, to the statistics of per capita consumption of liquor, so as to apply the only real test of efficacy to the Scandinavian method of control. In 1874 the average amount of spirits drunk per individual in Sweden was 3.55 gallons, in Norway 1.7 gallons (1876), in the United States 1.51 gallons. In 1892 the corresponding quantities are 1.7 gallons for Sweden, 0.82 gallons for Norway, and 1.50 gallons for the United States.

But what about beer? Has consumption of this beverage increased? It has; but that is a phenomenon everywhere discernible, and in the United States to a far greater degree than in Scandinavia. During practically the same period of time as the dates above mentioned, the consumption of beer advanced, in Sweden from 4 gallons to 7.05 gallons per capita, in the United States from 6.99 to 15.10 gallons, while in Norway it remained almost stationary at less than half the amount of the present annual per capita consumption in this country.

Such is the testimony of facts,—facts that are as pertinent as they are incontrovertible. Their teaching should be laid deeply to heart. All opponents of the liquor evil should cast aside their prejudices and struggle valiantly in behalf of a system which is at the present moment practicable, and which alone provides an avenue for the realization of high ideals.

E. R. L. Gould.

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WILLIAM L. WILSON AS A TARIFF-REFORM LEADER.

ALTHOUGH the tariff act which has taken the place of the McKinley act does not keep the promise of the Democratic party, and is marred by "concessions" to protected interests, which are really surrenders, it is a distinct gain to the country, and it is the first tariff law that has been enacted in nearly forty years which recognizes the rights of consumers and the needs of commerce, and is not entirely devoted to the enrichment of favored manufacturers.

Mr. William L. Wilson is appropriately the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee when this is accomplished. He is the one member of the House of Representatives who should be in this place when this first step is taken away from McKinleyism. There is but one other man in Congress of whom one instinctively thinks in the hour of this small triumph,—and Mr. Mills is in the Senate. Mr. Carlisle, the first leader of the determined tariff-reformers, since Mr. Kerr, to be elected Speaker, is the head of the Treasury. Mr. Morrison, the first chairman of the Ways and Means Committee to formulate in a bill the tariff-reform contest which began in 1875 with the election of Mr. Kerr to the speakership, is out of the struggles and contests of politics.

Mr. Morrison's bill was defeated by protectionist Democrats in the House of Representatives; but when Mr. Mills became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee the protectionist Democrats had so dwindled in numbers that they could not prevent the majority from carrying out its purposes. The effort to reform the tariff has been defeated by the protection sentiment in the Democratic party, but that sentiment has been growing weaker since the day that it was able to help the Republicans to defeat the Morrison bill. Even now, when it is strong enough in the Senate to force through the sugar schedule, it is not strong enough to refuse free wool, free lumber, and other relief from taxation.

With this great change of sentiment Mr. Wilson has had a good deal to do. He is more than part of the movement for tariff reform; he has been among the leaders from his first appearance in the House,

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until now he is the foremost,—the survivor of the group which withstood Mr. Randall and his fellows until their forces went to pieces, dissipated by the adverse sentiment of their party. It would be impossible to describe the manner of man Mr. Wilson is without recalling the struggle which has gone on within the Democratic party, and especially among its members in the House of Representatives, for the last ten years. The history of that contest is the history of Mr. Wilson's political career. His attitude in it and toward every phase of it, notwithstanding apparently unfavorable conditions in his district, has been marked by an elevation of mind and nobility of character that place him among the American statesmen of whom the country has reason to be proud.

It was in 1883 that Mr. Wilson entered Congress. He was forty years old. He had been a soldier, a teacher, and a lawyer, but it is easy to read between the lines of his brief biography the strong tendency of his mind toward active politics. His training fitted him to be a college professor, but his inclination led him into the contests that centred about his political opinions. He was graduated at Columbian University at Washington, and had begun the study of law when the war broke out. He at once abandoned his books for the army. When the war was over, he became a professor at Columbian University; but a more active career was destined for him, and when the lawyers' test oath in West Virginia was repealed, he returned to Charlestown, W. Va., and began to practise. He was soon in politics. In 1880 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and was an elector-at-large on the Hancock ticket. Two years later his scholarship was in demand in West Virginia, and he was elected President of the State University; but his importance in politics, and probably his own strong inclination for the study of political questions, once more prevailed, and he was elected a member of Congress a few months after he had accepted the presidency of the University. Even now, after his service in Congress is in its twelfth year, the conflict between the pleasures of letters and philosophy, and the activities of the political struggle, is renewed. This time, judging from his speech before the nominating convention at Martinsburg, Mr. Wilson would probably have chosen to accept the invitation to resume the presidency of the University, so suddenly and quickly laid down in 1882, if it were not that his duty demanded that he should not abandon the cause whose first triumph, disappointing but important, has been won under his leadership.

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Those who recall Mr. Wilson when he first entered the House of Representatives will remember that he soon made a deep impression on the leaders, with whom he very quickly stood on an even footing. The reputation of the Virginian "scholar in politics" had reached Washington before him. The story of his earnest and courageous campaign for tariff-reform among the coal-miners of West Virginia was known, and much was expected from the young man who had come out of his president's chair to become a militant politician in a contest whose inherent difficulties were known, if the long years in which it was to endure could not be counted, and if the treacheries and betrayals of its pretended friends could not be foreseen. The appearance of the frail, small body may have been disappointing; but the disappointment did not last long, for at once there was an occasion for the display of a kind of courage which most politicians sadly lack, —the courage which leads a man to do what he thinks is right without regard to the consequences to himself. In his recent speech at Martinsburg, before the shouting enthusiasts who nominated him for the seventh time, Mr. Wilson said this:

"No man could worthily approach such a work [tariff-reform] without putting away from him any petty personal ambition and any selfish concern for his own political future. No man could hope for any measure of real success who was not willing to dedicate to such a task every power of body and mind, with an humble invocation for strength and wisdom from the unfailing Source of strength and wisdom.

"I cannot claim to have risen to the full height of this duty, but I have never faltered in the belief that you, my friends and constituents, expected and desired me to enter upon my work in this spirit, and in this spirit to persevere to its close. I knew that you were tariff-reformers without reservation; I knew that the Democrats of West Virginia were not protectionists for West Virginia, and reformers and free-traders for other States. But even if I had known otherwise I should not have gone aside one step from what was to me the clear pathway of duty to all the people."

If at its beginning he had deliberately chosen this sentiment for the rule of his career, his course in the House of Representatives would have abundantly justified it, for he has never considered his political future for a moment in determining his conduct on any question of importance, and he has really dedicated "every power of body and mind" to the task of relieving the country from the wasting burden of protective taxes. In the last session, when he was the leader of the tariff-reform forces, his spirit of devotion was of the character that has made its possessors remembered in history. Husbanding his strength, undermined and almost consumed by illness,

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he never spared it when the hour came for putting it forth, and he kept his faith through a period of conflict, disappointment, constant threat of defeat, and ever-present anxiety.

In December, 1883, the issue of tariff-reform was first clearly defined and hotly contested within the Democratic party. It had been somewhat vaguely regarded as Democratic policy before then, but other questions had kept it in the background, and the protectionists, under the leadership of Mr. Randall, had diligently assisted the Republicans to preserve sectional differences, in order that economic differences might be submerged. Mr. Kerr had tariff-reform in his mind when he was chosen Speaker in 1875, and Mr. Morrison, his chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had determined that it should be made the leading policy of the party. But Mr. Kerr died, and when Mr. Randall became Speaker he did not reappoint Mr. Morrison as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, but put Mr. Fernando Wood in that place and gave him a committee incapable of any action on the tariff. When the Democrats next controlled the House of Representatives, the issue was explicitly defined. The contest between tariff-reform and protectionism may be said to have begun. It had been thoroughly understood that some Democrats were protectionists, but no revenue-reformer believed that they held their allegiance to the manufacturers above their loyalty to their party, whose revenue-reform platform they had accepted, and even above their duty to the country. That protectionism was not to give up its power to make tax-laws for the profit of its beneficiaries without a struggle was certain, but that it had succeeded in corrupting both parties, and that its agents in the party which professed to be for tariff-reform were better protectionists than Democrats, and numerous enough to defeat their party's political principles, was very far from the thoughts of those who preferred Mr. Carlisle to Mr. Randall as Speaker of the Forty-eighth Congress. They thought that with the Democratic majority, a revenue-reform Speaker and Committee of Ways and Means, a tariff bill would surely pass the House, and that the resulting dispute between the Representatives and the Senators would determine the issue for the Presidential campaign of 1884. Events have shown how greatly they were mistaken.

Mr. Wilson's attitude in the struggle for the speakership was soon defined, and at the same time there began to appear evidences that the protected interests intended to exert all their power to divide

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the Democrats on the issue and to make their business interests the interests of the country. A protected manufacturer was at the head of the Democratic National Committee, and the majority of his associates sympathized with him and sustained him. Congressmen in close districts were threatened with a loss of the votes of Democratic workingmen, or with a denial of their portions of the Democratic campaign fund, if they considered the country instead of the manufacturers, and were promised Republican votes and abundance of campaign funds if they followed Mr. Randall.

Mr. Wilson came from a close district. His first election was won by a plurality of ten. He represented a population largely composed of coal-miners. His State was apparently controlled by a company of able and shrewd politicians and speculators, Republicans and Democrats. Among them were Senator Henry G. Davis, a Democrat; Stephen B. Elkins, a Republican; Arthur P. Gorman, a Democrat; and with these Mr. Blaine was closely associated. Mr. Wilson was at once threatened with defeat at home if he voted for Mr. Carlisle for Speaker, but he had gone into public life for the purpose of aiding in what seemed to him to be the pressing and needed task of tariff-reform, and public life had no charm for him if he were to spend it in denial of his principles and in servile obedience to corporations that had gained their wealth and power at the expense of the vast army of consumers, and by taking from the people the right to tax themselves for themselves. The pressure that was brought upon Democratic Congressmen by the protected interests in behalf of Mr. Randall was surprising, but more surprising than this to the average politician was the firmness with which Mr. Wilson and some others like him declined to permit his political future to sway his convictions. He voted for Mr. Carlisle, and left the future to be cared for when the time came, trusting in the people who had elected him to Congress.

From this time on, Mr. Wilson has been forced to contend for his re-election against the active opposition of the protected interests in and out of his district; and as the character of the Democratic National Committee, by reason of the succession of Mr. Brice and Mr. Gorman to Mr. Barnum's leadership, is unchanged, he has not only not received the aid of his party leaders, although he has stood on his party's platforms, but he has met with strong opposition from Democratic leaders in his own State, who have doubtless foreseen the bitter struggle and the consequent peril to themselves which is now

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revealed by their party's outcry against the treachery of the "Conservatives." In spite of this opposition, Mr. Wilson has been elected six times by pluralities ranging from less than 100 to a little more than 2,000, and now he is before his constituents for the seventh time asking them to choose between his democracy and Mr. Gorman's.

Meanwhile the contest in the Democratic party has resulted in a great change. While protection is not driven out, it is greatly weakened. In 1884, 41 Democrats voted with Mr. Randall against the Morrison bill. In June, 1886, 36 Democrats in the House voted with Mr. Randall, and in December of the same year his following was reduced to 26. In 1888, only eight Democrats voted against the Mills bill, Mr. Randall himself not voting. The Democratic protectionist who dares to vote against his party's policy of tariff-reform has practically disappeared from the House of Representatives, and while a few (less than a half-dozen) remain in the Senate, who insist upon protection for their own special interests, even they have not the courage that animated Mr. Randall, whose manliness and sincerity were in glowing contrast to the tortuous and subterranean methods of his unworthy successors.

This change in the attitude of Democratic Congressmen, and recent popular uprisings in behalf of tariff-reform, have been brought about by the intelligent persistence of strong men, among whom, in some respects, Mr. Wilson is the strongest. In the Forty-eighth Congress, the men who made the most effective effort for the election of Mr. Carlisle believed that the Democratic party should have some other reason for its existence than opposition to the Republican party, and, having firm convictions on the subject of tariff-reform, they adhered to them. Of all these men, Mr. Wilson has remained a member of the House of Representatives, and has gone quietly to the front by force of character and ability, until he is the one to pluck the fruit of victory, —a victory that means more than its immediate consequences, for it has set the country moving in a direction from which it will never turn back toward McKinleyism.

The character of the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is to be judged by the consistent, firm, and courageous part he has played in this ten years' struggle. Through it all, he has had faith in his cause, in the people of the district, and in himself. If any one in our public life is entitled to the much-abused name of statesman, it is Mr. Wilson. He is in public life because he belongs there. He went into it from the college. No one who knows Mr.

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Wilson at all can doubt that the pursuits of the student are congenial to him. He knows books and loves them. Outwardly he seems the most placid of enthusiasts. His quiet manner suggests thoughtful repose. His conversation shows the full man that reading has made, and is lightened by the lambent humor that is the possession of those who have thoroughly enjoyed the fancies of literature. Those who do not believe in convictions, or who find in Mr. Wilson a difficult opponent, are in the habit of calling him "professor." It is, of course, not a serious crime to be a professor in this country, which boasts of its free schools as the basis of its political institutions. What these dealers in epithets mean is that Mr. Wilson is not a practical man, and that one who can make shovels and print cottons is a better lawmaker than one who knows the maxims of civil liberty, and who appreciates the full significance of the human movement which, after ages of fierce combat with the forces of despotism, at last brought forth this great self-governing Commonwealth. They are unconscious of the degradation to which their system has condemned the Republic, if a knowledge of price-lists and of cheap methods of production furnish a better preparation for the lawmaker than a knowledge of human endeavor in the art of government. There is nothing visionary in Mr. Wilson's mental processes. To whatever extreme the logic of his convictions might lead him, he is in no danger of going beyond the attainable. The bill that bore his name, and which was passed by the House of Representatives, did not represent his desires, but indicated the limitations imposed upon him by the slender Democratic majority in the Senate, and by the presence there of protectionists who made up that majority. There is nothing more intensely practical in statesmanship than the ability to fight strenuously for all that can be hoped for, and to accept the most that can be forced from a corrupt opposition. This is what Mr. Wilson has done; and if this is the work of a professor, it is among professors that the American people would better look for future statesmen.

It is an American idiosyncrasy that has grown stronger within the last thirty years, to demand, as an essential element of statesmanship, what is called executive ability,—the habit of mind which is developed by the management of a railroad. Whether Mr. Wilson could satisfy this demand may be doubtful. Men who are trained to reflect—to weigh one side against the other in order that they may not only reach a just conclusion, but also sustain it with argument—

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are not likely to take on the practice of quick decision at fifty-one years of age. What we know of Mr. Wilson is that he is one of the best products of American political, social, and educational institutions; that he is capable of devoting himself to an idea to the point of sacrificing his chosen career if that be essential; that he is conscientious and laborious; that he possesses great firmness of character; that he does not look backward once his hand is on the plough; that he never yields so long as there is hope of conquering, although he never permits his passions to control his intelligence; that he is singularly honest and unselfish; that to him public station is an opportunity for public service, a Congressman's duty is to make laws for the whole country for the benefit of all the people, and he must not be turned from this duty by considerations of his own welfare or by the selfish desires of any of his constituents. Since he has become a leader the country has had an opportunity to learn that Mr. Wilson possesses these qualities, and most men who know him better and knew him sooner than the country were sadly disappointed that he was not made Speaker when Mr. Crisp was chosen. Perhaps it was for the best, however, that he remained to be the central figure on the floor of the House. His district has known Mr. Wilson so well that the whole force of protectionism throughout the whole country, which has more than once been concentrated on this single district, has been unable to overcome his slender majority. His constant re-elections show the regard in which character is held by the American people. There is no other man in public life in this country whom his home people would receive with such enthusiasm, the manifestation of affectionate honor, as greeted Mr. Wilson when he went back, a short time ago, to answer once more to the call of his district, and once more to renounce scholastic honors.

The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is one of the most convincing orators of the public men of his time. He speaks with the eloquence of a full mind, and with a sensitive appreciation of the musical beauties of the English language. The effect which he produces on his audience in the House is deeper than that which any other political speaker of his day has wrought. Such scenes as those which followed his first and last speeches in the recent tariff debate have rarely been witnessed in that usually cold and indifferent assemblage. And it was doubtless due to his enthusiasm as well as his firmness that the House maintained its contest with the Senate as long as it did. But Mr. Wilson's oratorical power, considerable as it is,

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is not the quality which makes him one of the first of our public men. He displayed that when he was a young member. He then proved his mastery in debate, but a different and finer spirit animated his latest efforts when he felt that the cause to which he had devoted himself during his public career was entrusted to his keeping. In the earlier days he was not averse to answering jest with sharper wit, and to turning his opponent's ribaldry back upon its author; but in these latter days he has risen above the little personalities of debate, and has permitted nothing to divert him from the inspiration of his subject.

It is difficult to write or to speak of Mr. Wilson without betraying the strong friendship which he inspires. He is an amiable friend, a kindly antagonist, an avoider of scandal and gossip, a leader who does not assert himself or demand precedence, but who is where he is by force of his character and ability. He has not stormed the country, as he did not storm the body of whose majority at least he is the most distinguished member. He has simply done his duty with a rare and keen intelligence, and with a singular and unselfish devotion to what he has considered the right of the question which has seemed to him to be the most important in American politics. Whether his mental grasp is strong enough, and his view all-embracing enough, to enable him to fulfil the promise he has given, remains to be seen. But such men as he are needed wholesome influences in our public life.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

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HOW THE NEW YORK DEATH-RATE WAS REDUCED.

My efforts to do something to lessen the appalling sum of human suffering and sorrow which the figures of infant mortality in New York but faintly indicate were begun in the summer of last year, when I opened a depot where pure milk, both in its natural and sterilized form, was sold. From this experiment I received such striking demonstration of the good that could be accomplished by raising the standard of the milk supply of the poor, that I resolved, if it were at all possible, to resume the work on a greatly enlarged scale this year. For the protection of the children of the poor, the milk must be sterilized before being sold.[1] I believed that if this could be done on a scale large enough to make an impression on the supply, the sum of infant mortality in New York might be sensibly reduced. I determined to make the attempt at least, and in opening six milk depots at the beginning of the past summer deliberately addressed myself to the task of reducing the death-rate of the city.

There is a great deal of waste in the world, but none quite so reckless as that of human life. Here in New York the lives of thousands of children are sacrificed every summer, simply and solely because they are fed with impure milk. Of people who die in the State of Maine every year, children under five years of age count for less than 20 per cent; of those who die in New York city, over 40 per cent are children under five years of age.

It is the mortality of June, July, and August that chiefly accounts for the large percentage of this annual harvest of death. Within a

[1] Here let me say that the penalty of disease and death, paid for the neglect of simple precautions in the use of milk, is by no means paid exclusively by the poor. Milk is not always good in proportion to the price paid for it, nor free from the germs of contagion because it has come from cattle of aristocratic lineage. The latter quality, as recent experience has shown, carries with it a special susceptibility to tuberculosis. In milk intended for infant nutriment perfect sterilization is an absolutely essential precaution; but, simple as the process is, it is not always certain, even in the homes of the rich, that it will be properly done. I hold that in the near future it will be regarded as a piece of criminal neglect to feed young children on milk which has not been sterilized.

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radius of twelve miles from the New York City Hall, three children die during the heated term for every adult; and certainly two out of every three represent a sacrifice which it is a disgrace to our civilization to allow. Within the area of what may be called the metropolitan district, the record of one week showed the total mortality to be 1,038, of which 713 deaths were under five years, 664 under two years, 529 under one year, and only 325 over five years of age. Here was 64 per cent of one week's death-roll composed of babies under two years, who drank but little water, and were almost wholly dependent on milk for their nutriment. Could the "destruction that wasteth at noon-day" have been more palpably present than death in these children's milk-bottles?

The conditions of a wholesome milk supply are simple, but, like a good many other simple things, difficult of attainment. These conditions are healthy cows, clean stables, clean and careful processes of milking, and the prompt transfer of the milk, in perfectly clean and close vessels, from the cow to the consumer. In the milk supply of all great cities every one of these requisites is flagrantly violated. The inspection of cow-stables, to detect the presence of disease is neither careful nor constant; milking is done in most cases under conditions indescribably filthy, and most of the milk consumed by the children of the poor is at least thirty-six to forty-eight hours old before it reaches them. It is a simple matter to understand,—as Professor Sedgwick of Boston puts the case—

"—how this rich animal fluid—sterile at the start, but drawn by unclean hands into half-cleaned pails, and meanwhile sprinkled from above by the dust of the stable, by hairs, dandruff, dirt, and particles of excrement from the skin and udder of the cow vigorously shaken by the milker or brushed by his hat—becomes infested with organisms. That these multiply swiftly and enormously in the warm and rich fluid, well aerated by the act of milking, is also a natural consequence of favorable conditions; and, if we allow time also, the wonder is, not that it contains so many germs, but rather that it is still potable at all."

Mr. William M. Babbott, of New York, who has issued an instructive little monograph on the connection between milk supply and disease, uses still stronger language in regard to the character of the milk sold in New York and Brooklyn. He says:

"If milk gave the same outward appearance of decomposition or fermentation as is shown by vegetables, fish, or meat, more than three-quarters of all the milk consumed in the metropolitan district would be condemned as unfit for human food: if its pollution could be perceived, it would be loathed; and if the disease germs could be as plainly seen as a pest-house, the death-dealing milk would be as soon dreaded and shunned."

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It is unquestionably true that no plague by which the city was ever ravaged has yielded so plentiful a crop of deaths as that which is reaped from the seeds of contagion deposited in the infant system every summer by millions of noxious bacteria developed in milk.

The sterilizing laboratory which I established last year was this year very much enlarged, and every preparation was made to meet the demands likely to be made on it. The cows from which the milk was obtained were examined by the veterinary surgeon of the New York Board of Health, and the stables and dairies made a subject of careful inspection. The milk was iced in transportation and kept on ice till it was turned into the bottles for sterilizing. The apparatus used for the purpose was made under the direction of Dr. R. G. Freeman, of New York. The milk is exposed for twenty minutes to a temperature of 167° Fahrenheit. It has been demonstrated that tubercle bacilli die at 158° Fahrenheit, when submitted to that temperature for ten minutes. It is therefore reasonably certain that by this process all noxious germs in the milk are completely destroyed, while the nutritive qualities of this most perfect of nature's foods have not been in the slightest degree impaired. In the preparation of modified milk for infant feeding, two formulæ were adopted, one by Dr. R. G. Freeman, and the other by Dr. A. Jacobi. Both of these have been, and will during the winter continue to be, sterilized in six-ounce bottles, sold at a cent each. In addition to these modified milk foods, barley flour was sold. This was intended to meet a want, keenly felt by the poor, of wholesome nutrition at a price within their means, for children beyond the infantile stage.

During the hottest part of the summer the laboratory was kept running to its full capacity, night and day, to prepare sufficient sterilized milk to meet the demand. This was so active and so constant as to exhaust the stock in the depots daily, but it was a rigidly observed rule that, without respect to demand, no bottle of sterilized milk should be sold twenty-four hours after it had been sterilized. The Health Board's free doctors, the dispensaries, the "World's" free doctors, and nearly all the hospitals and charitable organizations, took an active interest in educating the people as to the value of sterilized milk. Order-books containing a hundred of the following coupons were placed without cost, and without restriction as to quantity, at the disposal of any physician giving his services freely to the poor, or to any charitable organization applying for them:

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This coupon is good at any of the following depots:

Foot of East Third Street; 317 East Ninth Street; 147 Eldridge Street; 22 Market Street; 201 West 63d Street; and 324 East 59th Street, for

5 6-oz. bottles Milk and Barley Water, Formula No. 2; or
5 6-oz. bottles Milk and Lime Water, Formula 1; or
4 8-oz. bottles Sterilized Pure Milk; or
2 16-oz. bottles Sterilized Pure Milk; or
One-half pound Barley Flour and 2 8-oz. bottles Sterilized Pure Milk.

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Deposit required on bottles from every one: 3 cents on each 6 or 8-oz. bottle; 5 cents on each 16-oz. bottle.

NATHAN STRAUS.

——o——

This ticket is good for only one of the foods.

By permission of the Dock Department I erected on the pier at the foot of East Third Street, within a few feet of the milk laboratory, a large pavilion provided with comfortable seats, which were given to the unrestricted use of women and children. I also placed benches under the pavilion erected on this same pier by the Dock Department. My purpose in this was to furnish a free fresh-air resort for mothers who could not get through with their home duties early enough to catch a boat which sailed on schedule time. The tent was open all day up to midnight, so that at any hour a mother could bring her child and enjoy the fresh sea air without having tired herself out in a rush to catch an excursion, and probably unfitted herself for the proper care of the child. The central depot being situated on this pier, all the resources were at the command of those who used the rest and shelter provided. A physician assigned by the Board of Health was constantly in attendance. On hot days a thousand women and children could be found at almost any hour enjoying the shelter, and so impressed have I been with the benefit thus afforded that I have determined to use all my influence to have such outing-places, protected from the sun, erected on the piers that belong to the city. This can be done without interfering with traffic facilities, by putting benches on the roof of the pier, and covering them with an awning.

Free lectures under other auspices were given twice a week by experienced physicians, on the proper care and feeding of infants, and every opportunity was taken to bring home to mothers the knowledge that the best possible food for their children could be obtained at a nominal price. The sales of sterilized milk for babies at the six depots aggregated, up to the end of September, 280,000

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bottles, or over 2,500 bottles a day. No record was kept of the number of sick children for whom sweetened and diluted sterilized milk in bottles was prescribed, but it was estimated that a daily average of 700 babies were fed on this modified milk. It is safe to say that some thousands of children, who were sick, owe their recovery during the summer to its use. On this point the returns of the Bureau of Statistics present eloquent testimony, as the following comparison between the number of deaths of children in New York under five years of age, this year and last, will show:

	1894	1893
January, February, and March	4,508	4,108
April, May, and June	4,521	4,386
July	2,560	2,796
August	1,559	1,686
September (to the 13th)	317	386

The summer of 1894 was a much more trying one for children than that of 1893. The average temperature of the latter part of June, of the whole of July, and of part of August was unusually high, and all conditions tending to the increase of the intestinal disorders which are chiefly accountable for infant mortality were correspondingly aggravated. As a matter of fact, the sanitary condition of the city had undergone no radical change, and the system of tenement-house inspection was not less thorough last year than this. Sick-children's funds, and other forms of charitable effort for the benefit of the poor, were not less liberally supported in the summer of 1893 than in that of 1894. All the external conditions, in short, led to the expectation of a higher death-rate in the summer of 1894 than in the one preceding; and, even had other things been equal, the increase of population would, without an increase of the rate, have been accompanied by a larger number of infant deaths. But it will be seen that since the opening of the pure milk depots the number of deaths among children has sensibly decreased. During the first quarter of the year there was an increase, as compared with 1893, of nearly 10 per cent—considerably in excess of a normal percentage—in the deaths of children under five years of age. For the second quarter, forty days of which were covered by the distribution of pure milk, the increase over 1893 was only a little more than 3 per cent. For the month of July there was a decrease, as compared with July, 1893, of nearly 8½ per cent in the number of infant deaths: for August the decrease was 7½ per cent, and for September

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18 per cent. Allowing 3 per cent as the normal average of increase under the most favorable conditions, it will be seen that there has been a reduction of over 10 per cent in the summer mortality of infants in this city.

Further analysis of the figures show results even more striking. The month of June started in with an exceptionally high mortality of children under one year. In 1893 this month showed 878 of these infant deaths: in 1894 the number rose to 1,076,—an increase of 22½ per cent. Of children over one year and under two years of age, the deaths for June, 1893, numbered 247, and for June, 1894, 267,—an increase of over 8 per cent. Necessarily, it took some time to make the existence of the pure-milk agencies known to those for whose benefit they were intended, and to educate mothers into the necessity of having recourse to them. For July, when the system was fairly in operation, and its advantages generally known, the deaths of infants under one year numbered 1,918, as compared with 2,063 for the corresponding month of 1893,—a decrease of over 7 per cent. In the same month the deaths over one year and under two years of age were 381, as compared with 440 for July, 1893,—a decrease of over 11 per cent. For August the figures are equally suggestive, there being a decrease in the one-year class from 1,152 to 1,086, and in the two-year class from 402 to 265. This last decrease represents a ratio as high as 34 per cent, and as every mother knows the dangers attending the second year of infant life, the figures have a very direct bearing on what I must call the preventible average of infant mortality. I think I may safely claim that much of the diminished aggregate of children's deaths which happily distinguishes the summer of 1893 from that of 1894 has been due to the establishment of the pure-milk depots, and the very large decrease in August of deaths among children between one and two years of age would be quite unintelligible without this explanation. I make these assertions, not for the purpose of claiming personal credit for a work which has yielded me more pleasure than I can well describe, but with the hope that others may be tempted to enter the same field. It is much too large a field for any one man or organization to fill, but I have written to very little purpose if I have not shown it to be one in which there may be gathered a most abundant return for well-doing.

By way of divesting the public mind of the idea that sterilized milk was a medicated compound, and in order to supply poor people

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with a wholesome and strengthening summer beverage, I obtained permission to open booths for its sale in the public parks. There were nine of these, and soon I found that the demand for sterilized milk at a cent a glass was so great as to transcend the resources of my laboratory. This I had occasion to reinforce by the provision of another apparatus elsewhere for the preparation of one of the infant foods; but even then I was compelled to have recourse to the Appleberg Company for a supply of sterilized milk for sale at the park booths. Desirous as this company was to second my enterprise, the demand exceeded all possible supply by fully one-half, and what was lacking in the sterilized product had to be furnished in the form of raw milk from the dairies. At all of the regular depots I also sold raw milk in sealed cans. My purpose was to give a practical demonstration of the fact that pure milk can be obtained and sold at low prices. The demonstration has, I trust, been a convincing one, and its effect has undoubtedly been to elevate the standard of the milk sold by small grocers throughout New York city. With the advent of cool weather the depots were closed, but the sterilizing laboratory will be maintained during the year, so that any one desiring to obtain the sterilized milk, either in its simple or modified form, during the winter, can do so.

At the Park depots there were sold (up to September 30) 572,150 glasses at one cent each, and in the height of the season the number of people employed was 58. The sales of milk in all of the places (depots and booths) aggregated 400,000 quarts.

I have been frequently asked as to the possibility of placing such an enterprise as the one I have outlined on a commercial basis, that is, of conducting it at least without loss. I must say that my experience sheds but little light on such a question. I set out with the definite purpose of reducing the infantile death-rate of the city, and that could be done only by dismissing all considerations of trouble or expense. Every new depot that was added necessarily increased the cost of the business, for the expense of distributing the sterilized milk for babies to the branch depots was about as much as the price charged for it. The work, in short, as conducted, was one in which the only possible gain was that of human lives; but that is surely a gain to which all commercial and economical considerations must be held to be subordinate.

My work could undoubtedly be duplicated at a very much lower cost than it entailed. I had but little experience to guide me in

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arranging the details of the business, and the high price of milk which was a consequence of the summer drought, no less than the unexpected magnitude of the demands made by my customers, contributed to the increase of expense which in the future might be avoided. Pure milk in its natural form could probably be sold without loss from one great depot situated close to the point of delivery by rail or steamer, at prices slightly higher than those which I established. Milk in the sterilized form, put up in bottles for use in the nursery, would cost, on a commercial basis, quite double the prices paid for it at my depots.

I beg leave to repeat here what I have elsewhere said, that I consider the furnishing of pure milk the most important benevolent undertaking with which I have been connected, and I may be pardoned for referring with some personal satisfaction to the fact that my New York experiment has been in all of its details repeated with most satisfactory results in Yonkers and Philadelphia.

NATHAN STRAUS.

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THE WAGE-EARNERS' LOSS DURING THE DEPRESSION.

It is assumed in certain quarters that the wage-earner during the industrial depression has suffered beyond all recent precedent and more than any other class of people. Some think that his condition has been going from bad to worse so long, that the present social system is in serious peril, while a few do not hesitate to say that an industrial revolution is close upon us. The advocates of various social reforms or of social revolution, under whatever title they may be known, whether socialists, rationalists, populists, defenders of the single tax, or anarchists, point to the hardships of the wage-earner as evidence of their contention. And above all this din we hear the clamor of politicians of all parties over the terrible condition of labor. Governor McKinley recently said at Bangor, Me.: "Industry has been practically stopped. Labor has found little employment, and when it has been employed it has been at greatly reduced wages." And this distinguished leader was saying only what has been uttered in equally strong terms by newspapers of high rank and from pulpits and platforms all over the country.

Now I think many citizens who have themselves shared in the losses of the industrial depression, either from the shrinkage of values, the diminution of profits, reduced salaries, lower rates of interest or idle money, smaller dividends and outright failures, are nevertheless more concerned about the sufferings of the wage-earners of the country than about their own losses. For the margin between income and cost of living among the laboring classes is often so small at the best that any reduction of income tells with unusual force. I venture, therefore, to give some results of an inquiry that I have made for my own enlightenment, and I do it more willingly because in all that I have read about the effect of the depression on the wage-earners, I do not recall any presentation of what appear to me to be some of the more important points of view.

The condition of the wage-earner in the manufactures of Massachusetts in 1893 is chosen for study because it is in this State and for this particular year that we have the fullest and most trustworthy

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information, and because it is commonly held that industries of this class have suffered beyond many if not most others. Though the conservatism of the manufacturer in Massachusetts may put him in better condition than the manufacturer in some other States, yet we may regard Massachusetts in this respect as fairly representative. It is certain that essentially the same principles of study will apply to most manufacturing sections of the country, and some of them to the entire United States, and it is my especial object to point to these principles.

Beginning with 1886, Massachusetts has published annually a remarkably valuable series of reports on her manufactures. The report for 1893, lately issued, is, so far as I know, the first report of the kind in the country that touches a year of panic and industrial depression. Returns were made from 4,570 establishments. They cover the production of goods in the 75 leading industries of the State to the value of $606,882,976, or more than 96 per cent of the value of all the goods made in the State as reported in its thorough census of 1885. No less than 4,397 of these establishments made returns in 1892 also, thus affording a basis for a fair comparison of the industrial situation in these two years.

We naturally turn first to the subject of employment. The largest number of persons at work in any one month of 1893 was in April, and was 319,818. There was a slight falling off in May, a considerable decrease in June, a much greater one in July, while in August and especially in September the loss reached great proportions. There were only 248,404 at work in September, or only 78 per cent of the number employed in April. In October there was a partial return to work, when 270,972 were employed, with a steady though small increase the rest of the year, leaving about 15 per cent of the high numbers at work in April idle during the last three months of 1893.

The unemployed were most numerous in the carpet industry, being 63 per cent in September, 28 per cent in October, and more than 17 per cent the rest of the year. In the leather industry they were 34 per cent in August, 35 per cent in September, and 22 per cent in December. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, one-fifth were out of work from August through the rest of the year. In the making of machinery 16 per cent of the number at work in April were idle in August, and 26 per cent in December.

Next comes the effect on wages. The total amount paid in wages

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in all these 4,397 establishments that reported in both years was $127,286,397 in 1893 against a total of $137,972,501 in the former year. This gives a loss of $10,686,104, or 8 per cent in the wages of a single year, although one-third of it had been as prosperous as preceding years. The Report says: "The average annual earnings per individual, without regard to sex or age, employed in the 75 industries, were $450.59 in 1892, declining to $434.17 in 1893, a decrease of 3.64 per cent." Caution is needed because of certain elements that vary from year to year, the chief of which are the relative number of males and females, of adults and children, and of day and piece hands. But the allowances do not prevent fair and instructive comparisons, if we assume that the 7.75 per cent of loss in total wages probably more nearly represents the actual loss in annual earnings, and remember the general upward tendency of wages. Nor should the reader forget that comparisons of daily or weekly wages are now abandoned by the best statisticians for the better basis of annual earnings, and earnings of the family are preferred to earnings of the individual as a basis for comparison. Unfortunately the latter method is not yet adopted in the annual reports.

But we may get a fairly good idea of the losses if we take annual earnings in a few typical industries: The wage-earner suffered most in making worsted goods. Here his average annual earnings fell from $369.26 to $244.08, or 34 per cent in a single year. The next heaviest loss was 5.45 per cent in making carpetings. In woollen goods the operative earned 4.8 per cent less than in 1892, or $371 against $389.54. The employee in the cotton mill got off with a loss of only 0.69 per cent in annual earnings, receiving $343.68 against $345.99 in 1892. In no other considerable industry did the average wage-earner meet so little loss in wages in 1893 as in the making of cotton goods.

The loss of time in the operation of the various industries is a matter of interest, too, because it shows the opportunity offered the wage-earner. In all industries this loss averaged 20.5 days out of the 306 possible in Massachusetts outside Sundays and legal holidays. Or, to put it in another way, the mills ran 276.4 days against 297.8 in 1892. Here, as might be expected, the greatest loss of time was in the carpet industry, whose mills were closed 56 more days in 1893 than in 1892. In woollens, the increase in idle time was 37 days; "in cotton, woollen, and other textiles," 49; and even the cotton mills lost 23 days more than in 1892. There were still

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longer periods of idleness in a few industries of lesser importance. As a whole, the establishments were run to only 59 per cent of their productive capacity in 1893, against 69 per cent in 1892.

Here, then, we find in a year whose first three months were as prosperous as usual, that a large number were out of employment—at one time 22 per cent of those at work in the best month; that there was a loss of nearly $11,000,000 in wages, or 7.75 per cent, and of 20.5 days in opportunity for work, while the actual idle time was still greater. These conditions enlarged the opportunities or necessities of the beggar and the tramp, and increased the temptations of the idle and the sufferings of the very poor. The account is a sad one, especially if we "leave these figures to tell their own story," as many are inclined to do.

But it is just this to which I object. Nothing can be more harmful or more unscientific than to be content with what popular leaders frequently call "a simple statement" of this kind. For the real meaning of these figures is not understood or even suspected until we go farther with them. Let us first turn them about so that we can see their counterparts, for, as has been said, "the knowledge of opposites is one."

If there were nearly or quite $11,000,000 less to be divided among the wage-earners in the 75 leading manufacturing industries of Massachusetts in 1893 than in 1892, or a loss of 7.75 per cent, then the complementary statement brings out the sum which they did get. It shows that there remained for the average man, woman, and child more than 92 per cent as much as there was paid in wages in 1892. The average annual earnings were more than 96 per cent as much, but we will not, for reasons already given, press this last figure. There may have been more uneven distribution, with severe reductions and downright want, as we know there was. But the great wage fund was kept up to 92 per cent of its amount in 1892.

Then, in the matter of employment, the picture is not altogether a dark one. For if in September, the month of greatest idleness, there were out of work 22 per cent of those at work in April, the best month of that year, this leaves 78 per cent still employed at a time when—besides the depression in business—vacation, repairs, and other similar special causes combined to keep many mills idle. And I think many will be surprised when they learn that the average number of persons at work in all these industries taken together, in the last three months of 1893, directly after the month of

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extreme idleness, was seven-eighths the number having employment in the last and most prosperous quarter of 1892. Yet such is the fact, as any one may see for himself if he will work out the percentages. In other words, the great body of wage-earners in Massachusetts were kept at work when the depression was most severe, earning in the course of the year nine-tenths of what they got the year before.[1]

Such a part of the real story should not go untold. Thanksgiving for remaining blessings is always a wholesome exercise amid loss and trial. Yet many have never considered these complementary facts at all. Even popular guides ignore them. We can afford to smile at the extravagant utterances of such men as Coxey and Debs, who hold the unemployed so close to their eyes that they cannot see anybody else at all. But what shall we say of grave statesmen who talk in language like the following? I quote from a recent speech of Senator Hoar, as reported in the Boston "Transcript." He was addressing his own townsmen and speaking of the industries of their own city of Worcester and of Massachusetts:

"The workmen have left the mill for the highway. The farmer and the merchant are alike out of work. The statesmanship that lighted the furnace has been succeeded by the statesmanship that builds soup-houses. The sturdy demand of organized labor, proud, defiant, hopeful, demanding better wages, more leisure, and better opportunity, has given place to the whine of the mendicant and the sneaking footstep of the thief. The furnace fire has gone out, and the incendiary fire is lighted. The hum of the factory is succeeded by the humbug of the Democratic platform."

So far we have compared 1893 with the remarkably prosperous year of 1892. We should next find the place of 1893 in the larger periods of industrial movement. This will give us more light, but I will not go into details. It is enough to say that the average earnings of the Massachusetts wage-earning population in 1893 were larger than those of any other year since these reports were first made in 1886, excepting only the two years of 1891 and 1892. Comparing returns from identical establishments, there was an advance in annual earnings from $392.36 in 1886 to $452.21 in 1892. The greatest increase was in 1891, after the tariff of October, 1890, and perhaps in part due to its stimulus. A study of the fluctuations of the wage scale of the "Report of the Senate Finance Committee" shows a similar result. In other words the average wage-earner in Massachusetts was better off in 1893 than in most former years, in

[1] In the good year of 1891, no less than 31,262 persons *in all occupations*, not manufactures alone, were, on the average, idle 4.38 months.

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spite of the depression of industry. Unfortunately no figures are yet available for 1894, nor of prices in 1892 and 1893. But the upward tendency at the close of 1893 toward greater employment is thought by most whom I have consulted to have been maintained since, though some think business dropped off in the summer before the revival in September, 1894. Wages probably have fallen more than in 1893.

The Report of the Senate Finance Committee has, however, pretty clearly shown that the general movement of prices is clearly downward, while the general direction of wages is strongly upward. The laborer thus always gets partial return for his loss in wages by the quicker fall of prices as soon as a panic or depression comes on. That the rise of wages does not necessarily carry up labor cost has long been asserted as a theory of political economy. It is now practically a settled fact. In Massachusetts the wage cost declined from 22.62 per cent of the selling price in 1886 to 21.66 per cent in 1893, or about 4.5 per cent as between the two years. As the base of comparison, the selling price, tends downward, this decline in labor cost is all the more significant.

We have thus looked at the condition of the wage-earner in 1893 on the positive side, and in comparison with the prosperous year immediately preceding and the period of eight or ten years to which 1893 belongs, and referred to the trend of prices which comes in to mitigate the severity of hard times. Let us now briefly consider the present period itself as it is related to the wider range of a half century or more. For this purpose the first Report of Mr. Wright as United States Commissioner of Labor is useful. It was made in 1886, just as business began to recover from the depression of 1883. Among the conclusions reached by the Commissioner of Labor at the end of his Report, two or three throw much light upon our present subject.

The first of these can be stated in the words of the Report itself: "It has been clearly shown that the depressions of the past in the manufacturing nations of the world have been nearly or quite contemporaneous in their concurrence." A table illustrates this conclusion. It arranges the crises and depressions in the United States and Europe by countries and years, showing that from 1837 downward this proposition has been increasingly true. Sometimes a variation of a year or two appears in the response of one or two countries to the general financial condition. The trouble sometimes begins in one country and thence reaches the rest in a year or two. But noth-

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ing but a war or other very exceptional condition seems to arrest the movement in its advance to all the great industrial nations. Then, as most know, these depressions since 1837 occur with the greatest regularity every ten years, with a financial panic once in twenty years. The years of distress are 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867 (showing only a slight disturbance), 1873, 1883, and now in 1893. The great wars here and the condition of Europe carried us by until 1873.

Then, as to the causes of the troubles. Speaking of 1857, the Report says: "Speculation, extension of credit, and all the usual accompaniments of financial disturbances ushered in the period." And of that of 1873 we read:

"There had been a period of excessive speculation, especially in railroads and real estate; large failures following that of Jay Cooke, inflation of the currency, high protective tariff, large immigration, and the unnatural stimulus given to industry by the War, brought the monetary affairs of the country to a crisis, resulting in general distrust, fall of prices, and all the train of evils which follow such crises."

Of the depression of 1883 the Report said:

"The extent of the depression has not been so great as the popular mind conceived it. An industrial depression is a mental and moral malady, which seizes the public mind after the first influences of the depression are materially or physically felt. . . . The severity of the present depression, while real and tangible, should be considered as in part moral in its influences."

Both a financial crisis and an industrial depression were, therefore, due to arrive in 1893, affecting the great manufacturing countries of the world, and brought about by the usual general causes reinforced by the special conditions that vary somewhat in different panics and depressions. The wage-earner of to-day consequently must look at his condition as it appears in this larger perspective. It may temper his judgment as to the extraordinary condition in which he now thinks that he is, though it may lead to serious reflections upon the currents beneath the waves that disturb us all.

Some notion of the comparative severity of the various periods of financial disaster may be gained if we compare the movement of the liabilities in the failures of critical years in the United States. In round numbers they were $292,000,000 in 1857, dropping to $97,000,000 the next year. They were $228,000,000 in 1873, averaging about $200,000,000 for six years during the adjustment to the specie basis. Then they were again below $100,000,000, but in 1883 were $226,000,000, dropping to $124,000,000 the next year. But in 1893 they rose to $331,000,000. The volume of business,

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however, has perhaps more than doubled since 1873, and of course is vastly greater than in 1857. Certainly we know that in Massachusetts capital employed in manufacturing increased 48 per cent, and the value of products 29 per cent, in the ten years preceding 1885; and the rate of increase afterward was still greater. In the first half of 1894 the liabilities in the failures of the United States were $101,578,152, as against $168,644,434 in the same half of 1893. We may then say that the distress of 1893 is hardly beyond all precedent, if indeed it has been as severe as in one or two earlier periods.

The movement of wages in these times of depression has become pretty well known. It shows a marked rise of wages in the three years preceding the crisis of 1857, and that a slight fall came after it. The scale, calculated on a gold basis, stood at 91.8 in 1853, and at 99.9 in 1857 before the panic affected it. Before the great crisis of 1873, the scale indicated 133.7 in 1870, and 152.2 in 1872. The rate usually holds up awhile after the panic begins, but falls later. Wages had fallen to 139.9 in 1879, rising to 152.7 in 1883, and dropping to 150.7 in 1885. The last sharp rise began in 1889, and the index stood at 160.7 in 1891—the last year included in the Report. We may expect that it rose somewhat higher in 1892, and nearly held its own in 1893. The movement of annual earnings in Massachusetts certainly supports this opinion. Whether wages can be maintained without much loss, after a panic, as was the case in 1857, appears doubtful at least. The aggressiveness and organization of labor are offset by the fact of the high point on the scale now reached.

I have not entered upon the important part of the field directly affecting the capitalist, though touching it in the matter of failures. The workingman should not forget that capital has shrunk in value; that dividends have been passed or diminished, or paid out of past accumulations; that profits have been less or disappeared, and the returns of interest upon invested securities have been small. The capitalist may be better able to endure his severe losses than the workingman his idleness and lower wages, but he nevertheless in most cases suffers with him. And let us remember that in the main we have dealt with the employee in manufactures, in which the working-people are held to suffer more than in most industries except in mining and transportation. Generally working-people give so much attention to organized labor that they forget that this includes only a section of their own class, and that in turn is a small part of the grand army of toilers in the whole country.

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This line of study leads us to see that the present real distress of the wage-earner, great as it may be, is neither out of all proportion to that of other periods, nor so extensive as to make us despair either of his own future or of that of the country. The vast majority of laboring people in the varied industries of Massachusetts, as well as in her manufactures, are neither going to the almshouse nor losing the greater part of their usual income as yet. The cheapest labor suffers most where the margin between income and necessary cost of living is smallest, and ignorance is content to live slovenly and from hand to mouth. Yet even in the lowest-paid industry of the State—in the cotton mills, where a lower class of operatives are found, and the great majority are women and children, and more than two from a family are usually at work—the average annual earnings in 1893 were $343.60 for each individual. With the low average of two wage-earners to each family, the income will, to say the least, compare favorably with that of farm-hands and many other classes.

The industrial situation, then, is not such as would lead us to despair. It is apparently as essentially sound and on the whole as healthy as it has been. Capital and Labor are riding together upon the waves which carry them up and down in an apparently rhythmic succession. The plunge follows the ascent, but the descent is not to continue forever. As things are, it must be accepted at its true value. Whether these successions are to continue or to be reduced to lesser proportions is a great problem. What is their cause is not clear. It may be in the adjustment of the economic material and mechanism. It may be in the hidden psychic factors of our civilization, pointing to a profound meaning in the characterization of Mr. Wright that an industrial depression is chiefly a mental and moral malady. But whatever the cause may be, it seems to me wise that the wage-earner—and everybody else, too—should learn to see his own distress in some sort of proper relation to the large movements with which it is inseparably connected.

This suggests a final consideration, which I think is worth serious attention. It is that, for the first time in a generation, a great industrial depression has come upon us at the precise time when it could be used as a makeshift in partisan politics by those who hitherto were interested in reassuring the people regarding their industrial troubles. Every motive of party interest affecting the politicians of the Republican party in 1873 and in 1883 made them anxious to allay excitement and restore confidence in the general soundness of industrial

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conditions. But the rise of the tariff question, and the transfer of political power in 1892, wrought a great change. For the first time since the War, the steady, honest, religious people, who are probably in the North more largely in the Republican party than in any other, have for the first time been stirred by their party leaders to magnify the evils of the industrial troubles of a disastrous year. It has been easy to make a host of these and other people sincerely believe that these are the worst times they ever knew, and that political changes have been the chief cause of all their distress. Those powerful influences which formerly were always found on the side of courageous hopefulness have for two years been thrown into the other scale. Probably no President since Lincoln met so difficult and complicated a problem as that which really confronted Mr. Cleveland at the beginning of his second administration in 1893. The party which, in its constituency, principles, and practice, was best fitted for constructive work, has been transformed by defeat into a party of hostile criticism and obstruction, while its place is taken by one that had long been unused to power and was more experienced in the arts of opposition than in conservative progress. Add to this state of things the disturbing elements of the socialistic movement in its various forms, and the chances of sane thought among the people on political and economic subjects have been seriously lessened. The essential soundness of our political and industrial system has received stronger illustration than one might at first think, though the blighting effects of the partisanship of politics are keenly felt. Indeed, if we learn to look more below the surface of things and farther out into their broad relations, the experience may not, after all, be too dearly bought.

SAMUEL W. DIKE.

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FACTS TOUCHING A REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

It cannot be questioned that the severity of the panic of 1893 in the United States was increased by the doubts felt regarding the outcome of the silver and currency problems then actively under discussion, problems not yet fully solved. But aside from these reasons for financial anxiety peculiar to the United States, the widespread commercial depression reaching to every country of the civilized world indicated that general forces were at work whose effects would no doubt in any case have been traceable in America. To analyze a panic and show its causes is one of the most difficult of things, yet it is permissible to make one or two general statements under whose terms many minor causes may be covered. Perhaps "overvaluation" is the best single expression to explain so complicated a matter as the reasons for the panic of last year. In all quarters of the commercial world enterprises had become overvalued as regards the possible profits. This overvaluation may have come about through various causes. No doubt in the United States the tariff has been a minor factor. While industries in a new country must, from the nature of the case, be more speculative—using that word in its good sense—than in older and more settled lands, a highly protective tariff gives to business an additional uncertainty. If the census figures for manufacturing be accepted as approximately correct, the comparison of 1890 with 1880 shows interesting changes. While during this decade the population of the country increased, roughly, 25 per cent, the capital employed in manufacturing increased 121 per cent, and the value of the whole manufactured output 69 per cent. Having regard to the fall in the prices during this period, it is probable that the manufactured articles embraced in the census tables increased in quantity more than three times faster than the population. For this unduly stimulated activity the tariff is in small part, at least, responsible.

But the great factor in this increase of production in the United States as well as in other nations has undoubtedly been the more extended use of credit. The machinery for the collection and lending of money to business men has been brought to much greater perfection of late years, and there has been increasing willingness to lend

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credits either in the form of money or of goods up to a larger proportion of the assumed value of the business than was formerly the case. Those who had and even those who had not knowledge of some particular industry, or those who saw chances for making money in some scheme, found no difficulty in borrowing the greater part and sometimes the whole of the capital necessary to enter upon the pursuit. Some of the census returns upon the true value of the real and personal property in the United States will serve for a striking illustration of this extended use of credits. The North Atlantic States, which are stated to contain one-third of the whole national wealth, increased the value of their real and personal property from 1880 to 1890 almost exactly in proportion to their increase in population —about 16 per cent. Montana, on the other hand, by the investment of outside capital—that is, by means of credit—increased its wealth 1,000 per cent, an advance three times greater than its growth in population. Colorado, a State often in the popular mind, in like manner increased the value of the property within its boundaries about 380 per cent, an increase more than twice greater than the population. In these two typical Western States there is to-day going on a further shifting of values on account of the changes in mining and agricultural industries which do not yet seem to be complete. Thus, by means of the abundance of credit, business in all branches throughout the world became overdone. For a time production has outstripped consumption. A fall in prices and in profits made necessary a revaluation of the properties and franchises involved, with the consequent loss in many cases to both lender and borrower. The effect of these general forces was heightened by the discoveries of new methods of manufacturing in many lines of business, which so reduced the cost of production as to render invested capital almost worthless.

Credit panics, we are told, come in cycles: it is certainly true that the industrial advances of the modern world are due to the employment of credit,—a most efficient force, but one which we have not yet learned how to control within safe limits. Following the discovery that the general business of the world had been overdone, and that the range of values was too high, came liquidation; that is, every one tried under pressure to pay off his debts. One way of accomplishing this was by the forced sale of such articles as were available for that purpose. One reason for the low price of staple commodities, noticeable of late years, lies in such forced sales. These efforts resulted in the disasters of 1893.

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The period after a panic is essentially one of readjustment of business to the changed conditions. Whether this readjustment will continue for a long or a short time, or whether it will bear severely or mildly upon the community, are matters about which no one can prophesy. The results depend upon the circumstances of each case, together with the combined effect upon business in general. Of one thing we are sure: there is no doubt of the ultimate outcome. The agricultural, mineral, and other resources of the United States are so great, and the natural intelligence and activity of our people so pronounced, that when once the level under the new conditions is found we shall have a period of prosperity in the United States such as perhaps was never before seen. But while this is likely to prove true as a general prophecy, it is, after all, the individual men, the special company or the particular enterprise, with which business men and investors are most concerned, and in such cases it cannot yet be said that the capitalists have settled down to a belief in the permanency of present values in all instances. It is this feeling of doubt regarding the future of particular enterprises during this period of readjustment which keeps money lying idle in the banks and makes the rate of interest on safe security so low in all the money centres of the world.

The low prices of many of our staple agricultural products make a serious factor in our problem. It may be that wheat (for illustration) will continue low in price under ordinary crops for some time to come. It is probably true that the United States will be found in the long run producing wheat as cheaply as any country; but agriculture, proverbially the slowest of all the great industries to yield to changes in the industrial situation, is particularly so in countries like India, Russia, and the Argentine Republic. No one can tell how long it may be before the wheat supplies in those countries will fall off because of the loss of profit under continued low prices. Meanwhile new factors, such as the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, are constantly coming up, whose effect upon the wheat supply of the world it is impossible to foresee. As to the American farmer under these circumstances, it is to be said that the prices of the things he buys have fallen in something like the same proportion as the things he sells. It is difficult to say whether, on the whole, he is worse off than he was five years ago; and, if so, whether his real loss of income is at all serious. The Western farmer had one dubious advantage over his brother the storekeeper, in that his land was always available for greater borrowing. The agriculturist who has

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gone into farming of late years, mainly on credit, or whose land is not in the fertile sections, may find it hard to make both ends meet. If so, in time he must give place to others who have better resources or have used better judgment. But such a process requires time and presupposes some loss.

The Southern planter is, generally speaking, in better condition to meet a period of depression than before, in spite of the fact that cotton is low in price. The wasteful methods under which cotton-planting was conducted entirely on credit at a cost of 15 or 25 per cent interest annually, are slowly giving way to new measures of financing and of cultivating the crop, which admit of a small profit though at low prices, a thing never before thought possible. The Southern farmer, the present year, has grown corn enough for his own use, and in similar ways is more independent than formerly. The railways may not earn so much, but the Southern people themselves will be found in better financial circumstances. The pressure of a possible production beyond the consumptive demand is felt perhaps more severely in manufacturing than in any other line of industry. Readjustment here will very likely be more prolonged, and may carry greater changes. The discovery of cheap iron ore in the Mesabi regions of northern Michigan, for example, has brought the ironworks along the Atlantic coast face to face with the problem of existence. However the question may be solved, neither the Western nor the Southern nor the Eastern ironmaster is likely to yield easily. Upon this question of the best location for the assembling of all materials which enter into the manufacture of iron depend other questions of importance, such as the continued supplying of coal, dry-goods, and other merchandise.

One result of the depression will be an increase in the tendency toward large corporations. To manufacturers and business men confronted with a loss of trade both in volume and profit, a natural remedy is a combination which shall extract from the small volume of trade a profit large enough to compensate all the members. So far as such a combination attempts to give badly located or poorly equipped factories a gain to which they are not economically entitled, the result in most cases must be merely a postponement of the inevitable. But there are legitimate reasons for the formation of large companies; experience is showing that only in this way can the best results be obtained. Although at first the consuming public be not allowed to share in the advantages of the combination through a re-

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duction in the price of the product, yet such is likely to be the ultimate result, either through the workings of natural forces or by legislation. But the point now to be considered is that until the distressed producers accept their losses and reorganize their business, or take advantage of the temporary remedy of combination and thus put themselves upon a financial basis which shall seem sound for a time, the capitalist will be timid about loaning them large sums of money. Of course the majority of our manufacturers, who have been prosperous and will be prosperous again, need have no fear so soon as their strong position is recognized.

The reluctance of the capitalist to invest his money in commercial enterprises until the readjustment shall seem to be over, is the important feature of the present year. Indeed, in spite of comparatively large profits shown by many small enterprises in the years previous to 1893, there has been of late a steady decrease in the returns received by investors in our large industries. The railroads, for example, have been carrying a growing volume of traffic with a declining rate of earnings until transportation has become, commercially speaking, unprofitable. This has come about, not so much by the increase in the wages paid employees—though that must be considered—as by the continuous decline in the rates of freight, a decline carried by competition and by legislation beyond all reason. Nor is stock- and bond-watering a satisfactory explanation of the small average return now received on railway capital. Roads built a dozen or more years ago were commercially entitled to such an increase in value as was obtained by neighboring industries in their territory. Whether these companies pay high returns on small capital, or lower returns on an increased capitalization, is immaterial: at any rate, of late years railway earnings per mile of road have shown a continual decrease. It seems almost hopeless to expect a return of full prosperity until the question of the commercial right of the railway owner to a profit is in the way of being settled. It may be that an increase in railway net income will come simultaneously with an increase in the profitableness of the majority of our industries.

The comparative steadiness of prices in the bond and share markets up to this time, and the reports of the improved volume of business during the fall, tend to confirm the opinion already expressed that the general basis of business values in the United States has not been disastrously affected by the panic of last year, and that when the readjustment is complete we shall again have a period of pros-

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perity. There is no doubt, too, that a large proportion of the firms and corporations in the United States will come out of the business depression without loss of credit. This belief is the foundation for the present high range of quotations for the bonds of such companies as are considered to be beyond doubt. But these high prices for "gilt-edged" securities are of themselves sufficient to deter investors from buying such bonds heavily, even supposing that they could be readily obtained—which is far from being the case. There is no doubt also that many of the bonds and stocks now selling at low prices will advance in price when the majority of people believe that the commercial situation is settling down into normal conditions again. But until normal times approach, low-priced shares and mortgages may not appreciate greatly. The difficulty here is the same as that already indicated, that there is uncertainty in the minds of the majority of investors as to the immediate future of the particular firms and companies whose commercial paper or bonds or shares such persons or institutions may be inclined to buy. There may be doubt whether particular firms have not been overtrading; whether certain railways have not been capitalized too highly for the rate of profit which they are now obtaining on their traffic; and, in the case of large corporations of every kind, whether they are not arranging their accounts so as to show a paper profit from the year's operation while really borrowing money to meet deficiencies. From the point of view of the money-lender, it does not alter the case to say that in many instances this latter policy is being pursued with the best of motives, and with confidence on the part of the managers or directors that if the period of depression can be tided over by the use of long-established credit, a few prosperous years will put the company back into its old position of soundness. The purchaser of evidences of indebtedness, while believing, as he does and must, in the future of the general business of the United States, ought at the same time to be careful at this particular juncture to see that his money is loaned to companies which have, besides a fair prospect for the future, a really sound basis for credit during the period of dull trade. The investor or the speculator who buys bonds or shares without this investigation may lose the whole or a part of h.. money; on the other hand, he who makes such careful investigation and buys with sound judgment at the time when the danger of failure is seen to be past, will unquestionably reap benefits from the general prosperity which, at some future time, all good judges are agreed, will bless our country.

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